

NATIONAL REVIEW

ABORTION

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M. J. Sobran Jr.



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Wage-Price Controls**
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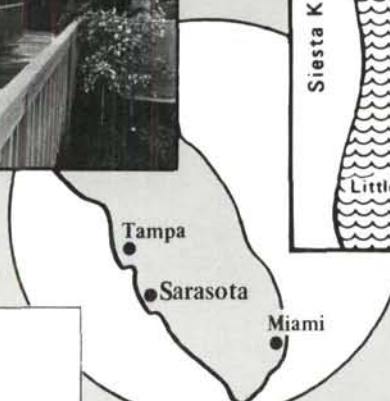
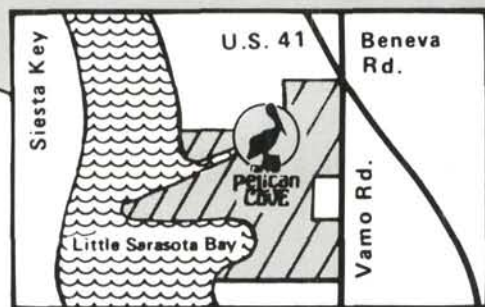
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ARTICLES

- 28 **Abortion: The Class Religion**
Foes of abortion, in contrast to their opponents, have scrupulously avoided the argument *ad hominem*. This has been a mistake: there is a case for raising the question "Who says?" whenever personal authority is invoked, and the failure to raise it may be morally and strategically negligent. After all, when pro-abortionists present themselves to the world as fine fellows, it is pertinent to ask whether this is really the most accurate description.

M. J. Sobran Jr.

- 32 **Trudeau Tries Wage and Price Controls**
His long winning streak at an end, the Canadian PM is playing that ace-in-the-hole of democratic politics. But far from restoring economic order, such controls, in Canada as elsewhere, are themselves part of the advancing disorder, generating worse.

Donald Coxé

- 33 **The Politics of Giving 'Em Hell**
Who said: "We should not invest in the economy of death, but in the economy of making life better"? Was it: a) Mo Udall; b) Milt Shapp; c) Terry Sanford; d) Birch Bayh; e) Ladonna (Mrs. Fred) Harris? Sharpen your pencil—go! (Answer on page 33.)

Daniel Oliver

COLUMNS

- 26 **A Last Look**
The conservative movement is recuperating nicely from its recent decapitations, but there are some after-effects. (This is the farewell column of our departing man in Washington, who will henceforth appear in *Newsweek*.)

George F. Will

- 27 **Nobody But Us Democrats**
The Communists of France and Italy are swearing they'll be true to the democratic way. But that's bigamy: they are already betrothed.

James Burnham

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Don't spend it all in one place!

Russell Kirk

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Can *this* be God?

Malachi B. Martin

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Plans from a timely past.

Ruth Berenson

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New York this season has seen Mozart, Wagner, and Joplin variously served.

Harvey E. Phillips

- 40 **Beating the System**
A day in the life of a precocious cynic.

Ed Vazquez

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D. Keith Mano

- 42 Whereas the North Dakota Novel, as fashioned by Larry Woiwode, is very substantial indeed.

Chilton Williamson Jr.

- 44 A new biography of George Sand is not at all the book one might, in the Age of Steinem, fear.

Selden Rodman

- 44 In *Pragmatism and the Tragic Sense of Life*, Sidney Hook argues that you can be a pragmatist without being a cockeyed optimist.

Frederick L. Will

- 46 No, Hollywood people were never jes' folks, and David Niven's new book proves it.

Priscilla L. Buckley

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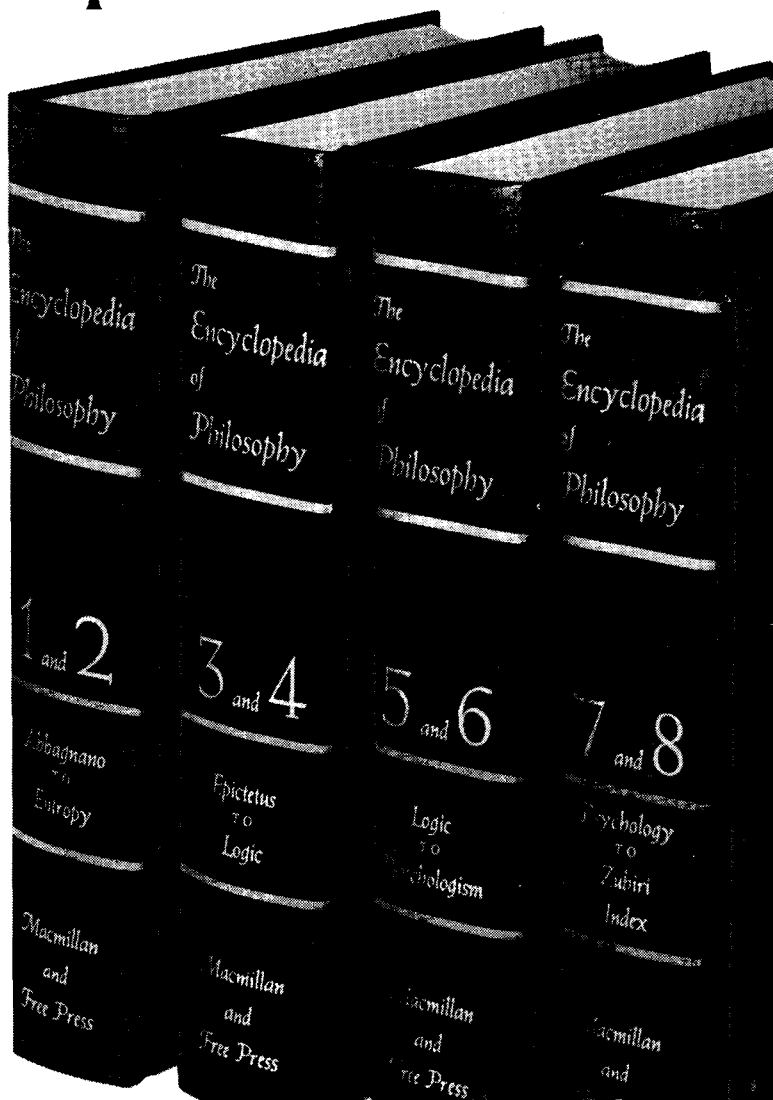
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Letters

I Don't Know

Concerning your Reagan spread in the last issue ["The Goldwater and Reagan Campaigns: A Difference?" Dec. 19] the point is well taken: 1976 is not 1964, however much the media goons, turning back their clocks, claim it is. Furthermore, Reagan is, contrary to a second myth going around, solid and outspoken on the issues, not just on the broad philosophical concepts. (Can anyone think Reagan knows or has said less of substance than, say, Birch Bayh?)

Nevertheless, he should be more careful at press conferences than he has been. Answering, "I don't know," or "I haven't read the morning paper," as he did in Manchester, New Hampshire, is good for but a single occasion. Picture, if you will, a network or other privately financed cameraman following the Reagan trail collecting footage only of Mr. Reagan saying, "I don't know the answer to that," and then running a dozen or so of them antiphonally with candidate X's profound (and crowd-pleasing) views. Even in this era of post-Watergate morality Judge Sirica wouldn't consider it a dirty trick, and I doubt that Democratic Party Chairman Robert Strauss is a man of such scholarly rigor that he could resist the temptation to let the American public see one of the two candidates for the nation's highest office fielding questions on some of the tough issues . . . Perhaps they'd run it as a voice-over for that little girl picking the petals off the daisy. Ka-boom! would go Ronald Reagan's campaign. Better to recite the creed than answer, "I don't know." Much better, in fact.

Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

A. W. FARMER

Italian Detente

In defending his unfortunate proposal that Italian Communists be welcomed into the government of Italy, Ernest van den Haag says of detente ["Letters," Dec. 19]: "Whatever other demerits that policy may have, it cannot be shown to influence Italian Communists' strength, which depends not on foreign policy but on local bread and butter issues."

Professor van den Haag has not been reading my columns. Last year I quoted in one of them a letter from an Italian friend of mine which demonstrated with painful clarity the direct connection between the policy of detente and the increasing strength of Italian Communism. To quote it again:

"My own feeling is that the solution to the critical Italian situation is a joint government of the Christian Democrats, the Socialists, and the Communists.

"Now it is really out of any logical way of thinking to pretend to keep on running Italy without taking into account the will of more than ten million Italian citizens who vote Communist. Why should we not get along very well with both the Christian Democrats and the Communists in the government, considering that, at a much higher level, we have the positive example of the cooperation between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, who share so fairly the assignment to run the world!"

Secretary Kissinger cannot have it both ways, and neither can Professor van den Haag. Compromise with Communism can only lead—and very swiftly indeed—to still further compromises and ultimately to surrender.

New York, N.Y.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Points

I applaud Mr. Buckley's excerpted remarks in the anniversary issue of *NR*, but I would like to submit one small correction. If Ayn Rand actually wanted to make a bumbling capitalist more virile, she should have used testosterone. A massive dose of estrogen would be feminizing. Of course, if the capitalist had testicular cancer, estrogen therapy might be in order . . . but that lesson can wait until next semester.

Best wishes for the next twenty years at *NR*.

Cincinnati, Ohio

BARRY P. LUZZI, MD

The "Random Notes" item headed "Paperbacks" [Nov. 21] is an exercise in wistful paranoia, although I wish it wasn't.

Whether or not you find Angela Davis' (Continues on page 10)

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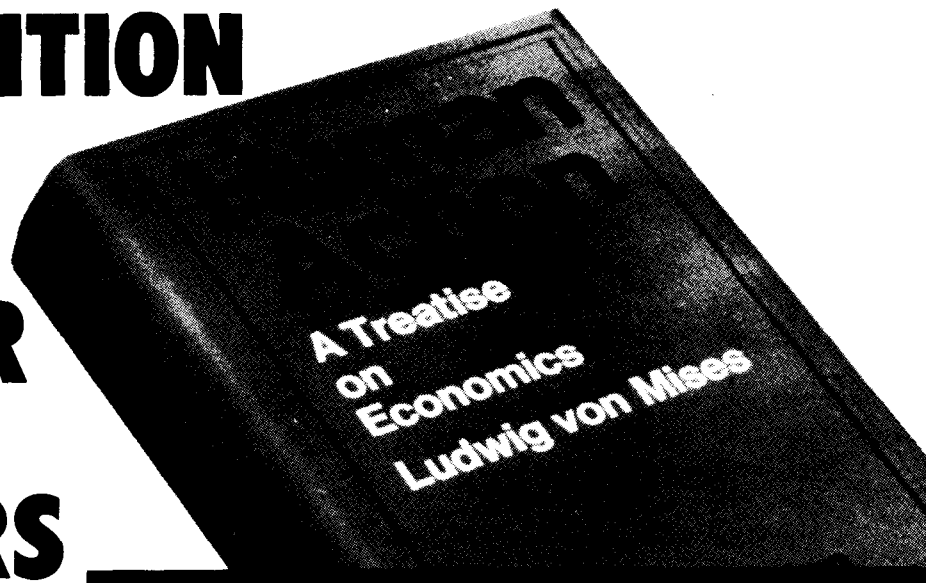
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 8)

book "unreadable," your assertion that has "dubious sales prospects" is just wishful thinking. Having put in a decade picking books for Bantam, I can assure you that the reason they picked the book up is the anticipation of substantial sales. They would publish Mr. Buckley, Mr. Burnham, or me just as willingly if they thought the customers were out there. We are permitted to hope they're wrong, of course.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

SAUL DAVIS

NASA's Tack

Re "Who's Detenting Whom?" by Michael Kelly [Nov. 21]: In fairness to the official of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, it ought to be pointed out that NASA is part of the U.S. Government, and thus must bumble the praises of whatever foreign policy tack the ship of state is sinking on.

Since 1957, it has been common for liberals to urge cooperation in space with the Russians, partially because they did not like competing with the Russians, and partially with the hope that this would allow for a smaller and less ambitious program that would permit R & D money to be diverted to various social programs.

It was the policy of the Nixon Administration to make more grandiose gestures of cooperation than its predecessors, and NASA had very little choice in the matter. Mr. Nixon cut the space program budget to less than one-third of its maximum size (taking inflation into account), killed plans for a base on the Moon, abolished the Air Force's planned Manned Orbiting Laboratory, canceled the Grand Tour of the outer planets, delayed plans for a space station until that project was given up, reduced the size of and then stopped the nuclear propulsion engine, and brought the Apollo program to an early end. This policy was much acclaimed both here and overseas, though roughly a third of the Americans polled were opposed to any space program—manned or unmanned, no matter how slow, no matter how small.

Accordingly, ASTP must have looked like a politician's dream to the President. Something for the American public—detente; something for the Russians—possible access to better technology; something for NASA people—fewer layoffs. Even better, the project was short-range—no multi-billion-dollar squabbling for the next ten years that would only end with some other President hogging the glory.

At the moment, detente is not as attractive as it looked to the public a few years back, but NASA officials seem to have learned an important lesson—cooperative projects in space survive budget cuts, unilateral projects don't.

Downey, Calif.

MIKE SHUPP

(Continues on page 12)

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DOUBLEDAY

LETTERS

(Continued from page 10)

Errata

Regarding my obituary of General Francisco Franco [Nov. 21], an erratum: "Franco committed many errors . . . , the biggest one being that he could not bring himself to relinquish power eight years ago, when he rammed through his Organic Law, and give [not "gave"] Don Juan Carlos . . . the opportunity to take the helm . . ."

Camden, S.C.

F. REID BUCKLEY

The Dr. William B. Boyd described by Russell Kirk in the December 5 issue as "the youngish new president of the University of Washington, until recently president of Central Michigan University" sounds remarkably like the Dr. William B. Boyd who is president of the University of Oregon, until recently president of Central Michigan University.

Eugene, Ore.

ROY PAUL NELSON
Professor of Journalism
University of Oregon

Home to God

When you introduced Malachi Martin's column, I thought its purpose was to put in a word for God. Instead, he turns out to be an accessory to the death of God as Mauriac understood it: "The death of God is the death of our consciousness of His will and of what He exacts of us"; He certainly doesn't exact anything if everybody's obituary can contain the assurance that he has gone "home to God" ["Karen Anne Quinlan's Calvary," Nov. 7].

Hell, which lacks the most elementary comforts, is not a home. Yet to go there is the easiest thing in the world. The source of information about it and the source of information about going "home to God" are identical. When it comes to what is known only by faith, if you can't believe it all, there is no reason to believe any of it.

Chesterton made that point well when he observed: "If I told you I had just seen a man wearing a polka-dotted tie jump down his own throat, you wouldn't be very sure the tie was polka-dotted, would you?"

Chicago, Ill.

E. McVEIGH

Theft Cut

Can't believe what I read in NATIONAL REVIEW of October 24 ["The Week"]. How can a tax cut be bad? Since taxes are obviously a glorified form of theft, certainly a mitigation of that theft cannot be considered unpropitious.

Oh sure, if the Congress doesn't cut spending by the same amount as the tax cut, then the tax cut will only create more inflation, since the national debt which must be financed by printing more greenbacks will be increased. Let's teach people the true causes of inflation, but let's not,

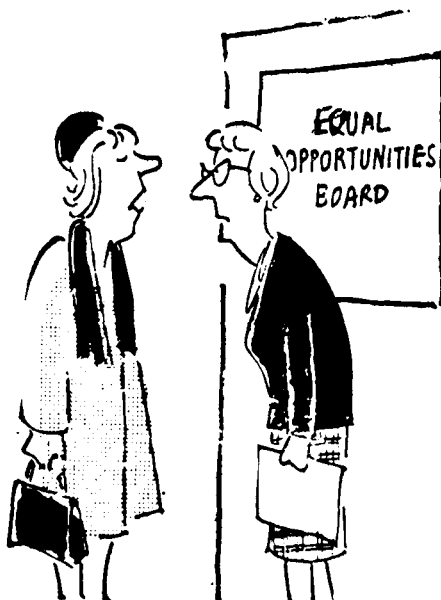
(Continues on page 14)

FOR THE RECORD

■ No year could be all bad in which: The *Washington Post* was accused, with reason, of strikebreaking and using scabs; **Indira Gandhi** went authoritarian; and **Teddy Kennedy** spent three days of his skiing vacation at Sun Valley on cross-country skis rather than cross a picket line (whereafter—having made the gesture—Teddy removed himself and family to a non-union slope).

■ It was also a year in which bank rates in **Argentina** went to 40 per cent—in response to the country's 300-per-cent-plus inflation. . . . West Germany reported that more than **160,000 East Germans** had managed to flee to freedom in the years since the Wall went up, despite barbed wire, mines, killer dogs, and border patrols. . . . It was West Germany's worst economic year since the early Fifties—even pornography sales were off 10 per cent. . . . Italy's **Communist Party** reported an all-time high in Party memberships, up 150,000 from a year earlier, to 1.7 million. . . . **Fidel Castro** gave his people a candyplum for Christmas: there will be no more rationing of sugar in Cuba. . . . Across the globe in **Vietnam**, **Laos**, they were busy planting "Trees of Hatred" in front of each government ministry as a reminder of "U.S. war crimes." . . . And *Pravda*, on Christmas day, told its people that millions of workers and intellectuals in the West had a miserable **Christmas**, many of them unemployed, "many going mad with despair." . . . The *Communist Daily World*, which had been advertising tours to **Portugal** earlier in the year (including "visits to social institutions, orientation meetings with trade union and political officials"), cut it out in late November, when things turned sour for the Communists there.

■ In Paris, *l'Aurore* reported that a prominent Communist of his day, **Pablo Picasso**, had not done so badly for him-



Audley, London Sunday Telegraph Rothco

"I'm just off to take the kids to the store to see Mother Christmas and then on to the pantomime 'Father Goose.'"

self, or his heirs. It estimated that Picasso left an estate worth **\$1.1 billion**. . . . The **Berrigans** were in and out of the clink again, this time for digging holes in the White House lawn in protest against "America's arsenal of nuclear weapons." . . . **Prince Charles** took on Women's lib: Libbers, he commented, "tend to argue all the time and start calling you a male chauvinist pig, and frankly, it becomes rather uncivilized."

■ **New York** found that it still out-classed **California** in one department: it pays more state and local taxes than anyone else, an average in the last fiscal year of \$952, \$185 more than second-ranking **Massachusetts**. . . . The Commerce Department reported that 95 per cent of American households owned **TV sets** (more than refrigerators: 80 per cent) and 82 per cent of Americans owned cars, and the Federal Aviation Authority reported that since elec-

tronic detectors have been installed in the nation's airports more than 70,000 weapons have been found on passengers trying to board airplanes. . . . 1975 was the year, too: when **Hubert Humphrey** was able to pay off his last presidential campaign debts (at 4 cents on the dollar); when **Phil Landrum** (D., Ga.), co-author of the Landrum-Griffin labor law, announced his retirement (the Griffin, now Senator **Robert Griffin** of Michigan, is Minority Whip); when groups in both **Louisiana** and **California** initiated moves to have a "no" lever (meaning "I won't vote for any candidate") put on their state voting machines; and when University of Massachusetts scientists launched a program to give **beavers** the pill—in hopes of saving the trees.

■ It was a year in which the UN and detente took a beating. A year-end **Gallop** showed 51 per cent of Americans thought the UN did a poor job, only 33 per cent thought it did a good job. A change from a year ago of 38 per cent for poor job, 41 for good job. . . . Tourism was off sharply in **Mexico** as a result of cancellation of reservations by Jewish organizations and travel agencies angered over the **Zionism vote**. . . . The *Communist World*, which has been struggling with the problem of **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** all fall, finally came up with a suitable adjective for him in a December 19 editorial: "The Abominable Moynihan." . . . The *New York Daily News*, in a late fall poll of its readers, asked the question: Who has gained most from **detente**? and got the answer 1) **Russia**, 50 per cent, 2) **Don't Know**, 36 per cent, 3) the **United States**, 14 per cent.

■ And **Chile** ended the year, as it started it, in the bad graces of everyone who counts. Santiago ruled out a **Rolling Stones** concert on exotic Easter Island.

Cyrano

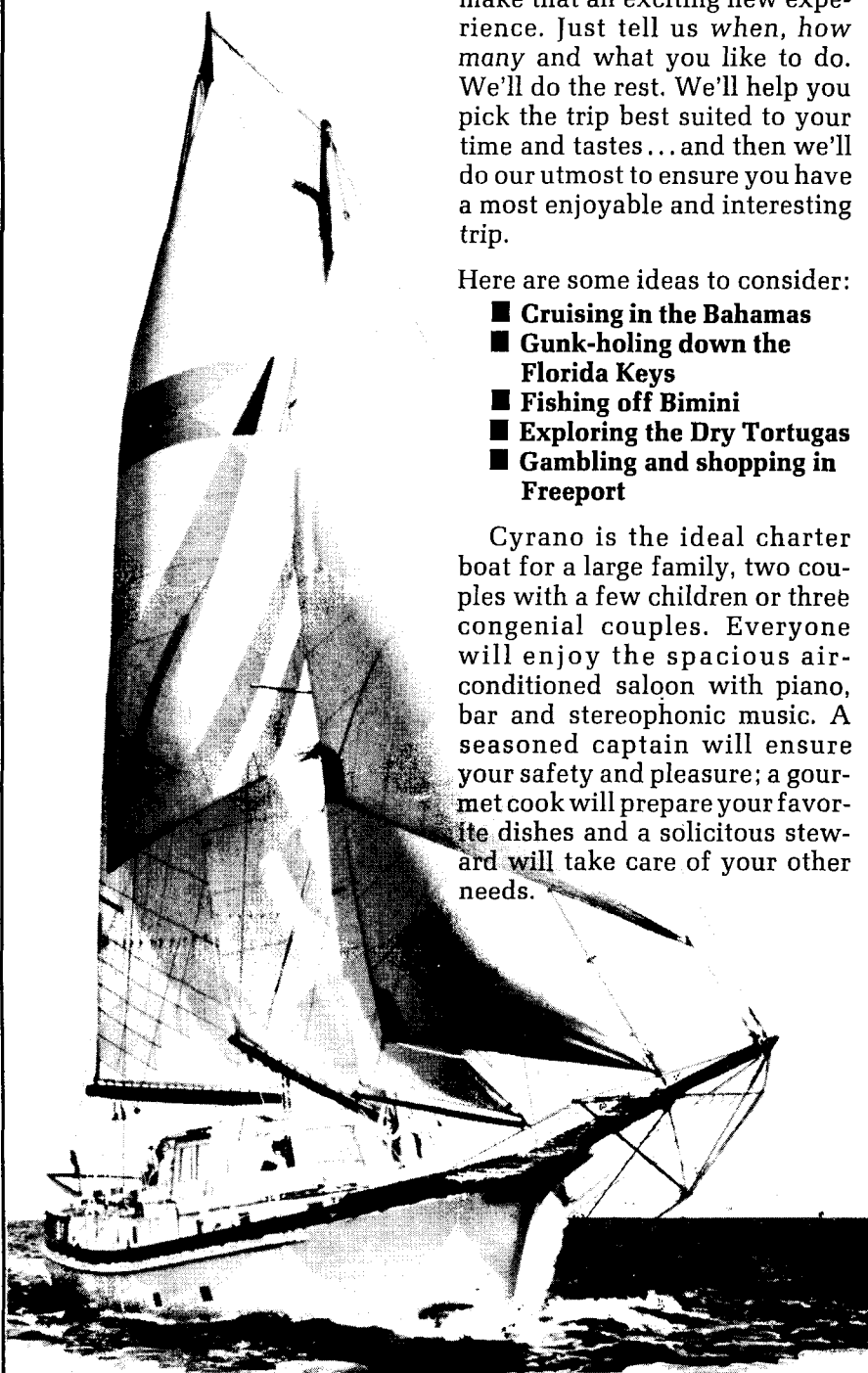
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 12)

for even a minute, attempt to suggest that cutting back on government robbery through taxation is ever bad.

Chicago, Ill.

RICHARD W. SUTER

Il Poema Sacro

What a refined letter Father J. C. Sunderland, SJ writes to Mr. Wm. F. Buckley Jr. about his cautious praise of the old Latin liturgy! "Who says it was the 'noble old Latin liturgy'?" asks Father Sunderland ["Notes & Asides," Nov. 7]. Well, it was, by a proper inference, the greatest of all Catholic poets, Dante, who saw in it

il poema sacro

Al quale ha posto mano e cielo e terra.

It may be that it is the same Church and the same Holy Spirit that give us a vernacular today, but it is not blasphemous to be sharply critical or even—as a person with a particularly formed mind may describe this reaction in his own completely charitable soul—"crassly uncharitable."

The new liturgy may one day be able to serve the needs of the Church, but not until the Father Sunderlands are more concerned with refining and building upon the old liturgy than with demolishing it.

Toledo, Ohio

MSGR. IGNATIUS KELLY

Hello, America!

Pavel Leonidov's "Hello, America!" [Nov. 21] is about the strangest piece I ever read. As he says himself, Russian immigrants are not put on the same footing with other immigrants: "We are fed, given language lessons, and fussed over. This is proper."

As one of the "other immigrants," allow me to tell you, Pavel, what you miss. In the socialist country I come from (Sweden) there are no prison camps, but Russian immigrants there usually discover very soon that otherwise there is very little difference. The egalitarianism drives you up the wall, or leaves you completely apathetic—and the idea that you are taken care of from the cradle to the grave makes you as elated as an experimental animal in a laboratory.

So my desire to emigrate to the U.S. was mainly based on the conviction that the U.S. had to be a terrific country since so much energy was spent on denying it. If I had been fed, given language lessons, and been fussed over in the U.S., I would have left immediately. I guess I am in the same category as the Chinese who come here and get jobs as dishwashers until they have picked up the language and can start climbing the social ladder. Like them, I want to be part of the American dream; even if I wasn't born in this country, I chose it, adopted it, and took it to my heart without reservations, just as one does with a newborn baby.

So, Pavel, love the U.S.—take it in your

(Continues on page 49)

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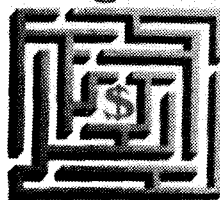
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THE WEEK

■ A thought for the New Year. Since World War II, only two Presidents have ever been defeated in a primary—Truman in New York in 1952; Johnson in Wisconsin in 1968. Neither was renominated.

■ Just when Senator Church was getting a reputation for spilling all the beans, he and the whole Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Operations have shown admirable discretion in the delicate matter of John Kennedy's—and Sam Giancana's—"close friend." True, one might think it in the national interest to publish the nature of the connection, such as it was, between the President and the mobster; yet it was only when the lady herself spoke up that one could appreciate the senators' tact, a virtue whose nature is to be all but invisible until others call attention to it. Which reminds us that we didn't have all this leaking and scandal when the Democrats were supervising the FBI and the CIA. Why not put Church himself in charge of the CIA? Its secrets will be safe with him.

■ For five years Senator Henry Jackson has been plodding for the Presidency. The plodding has been steady and determined, but has never managed to break into running. He is now about to make a final try to jump ahead of the crowded Democratic field in time for the Massachusetts primary (March 2), in which he figures he will have to make a strong showing or go under for the count. His weapon: a proposal for a congressional enactment that will drastically curb the power of the courts, and in particular the power of a single federal judge, like Boston's Garrity, to order compulsory busing. In fear of the party's powerful left wing and its black constituency, none of the other Democratic candidates has dared do more than mumble evasions on the busing issue. Jackson believes that a meaningful proposal which, unlike a constitutional amendment, could be acted on in a short time may be just the lure to pull Boston's blue collar and ethnic groups into his camp.

■ The New York Stock Exchange reports that since 1970 the number of stockholders in the country has declined 18 per cent, from 30.8 million individuals to 25.2 million. It is the first decline since 1952 and suggests that capital formation in the coming years may be increasingly difficult without changes in the tax laws. Despite the decline, the individuals holding stock still amount to more than 10 per cent of the nation; and millions more have an indirect interest in stocks through pension plans, insurance, etc. Given their combined

interest, they ought to be able to persuade lawmakers in Washington that corporations are not necessarily evil oppressors, that stockholders are employers—not exploiters—of the working classes, and that tax laws should be changed (e.g., the double taxation of dividends should be eliminated) to encourage the increased investment that the health of the nation's economy requires.

■ The Secondary Education Act, passed in 1965, has provided funds for a program, called Title I, to improve the reading ability of poor children. Now, a decade and almost a billion dollars later, the results are in. The General Accounting Office has reviewed Title I programs in 15 school districts in 14 states and has declared the program's effectiveness "debatable." Sixty per cent of the pupils in the plan fell further behind their age group in reading ability, 6 per cent showed no change, and 35 per cent made some progress. The study was made in fiscal year 1973 but was, uh, covered up until December, 1975. N.B.: As the statistics make obvious, by "debatable" the GAO means "undebatable."

■ In case you missed it, *TV Guide* columnist Edith Efron recently swore off newspapers and magazines for a fortnight, and took all her news from television. Among her impressions: "America is an invisible police state of some kind. Innocent Americans are being spied on continuously by the FBI, and CIA, and a series of other police and military institutions. This is allegedly being cleared up, but no one really knows whether it is or not. . . . American industry is a lethal institution. It is poisoning our air, our water, our soil. Its manufacturing processes and products are infecting us all, unbeknownst to us, with cancer. It is destroying life on earth and the very atmosphere that envelops the planet. . . . Americans in huge numbers are starving to death. . . . American race prejudice keeps growing worse. . . . America and the Pentagon are major threats to world peace. . . ."

Musically Speaking

She can't stand classical, and I agreed;
I said I'd rather listen to baroque.
She said I had a passion to mislead,
And I knew where to stick my "little joke."
I said I wasn't trying to provoke;
That "classic" is an epoch of its own.
She didn't take this as a counter-stroke,
Preferring to emit a ghastly groan.
"You probably still wind a gramophone."
Ignoring that, I tried a little Bach.
"*I can't stand classical*," she said—the tone
Demanding a return to acid rock.
So, as her hearing fades, I feign submission,
With earplugs in—a classical position.

W. H. VON DREELE

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

If Mr. Ford thought the Gallup poll was the worst news he would receive in December, he got a rude shock from Lou Harris. Calling Mr. Ford's situation "calamitous," Mr. Harris reported that not only is Mr. Ford running behind Ronald Reagan, but that both Mr. Ford and Mr. Reagan would lose to Hubert Humphrey if the election were today. According to Mr. Harris, Mr. Humphrey beats Mr. Reagan 50 to 43 per cent and Mr. Ford 52 to 41 per cent. Gallup polled only Republicans and independents. Harris polled a sample of the entire electorate. He notes this: "It is important to point out that only a few months ago Reagan was paired against Senator Kennedy in a race for the Presidency and he lost by precisely the same margin, 50 to 43 per cent, by which he now loses to Humphrey. This indicates that Reagan has not picked up a great deal of strength, but rather that Ford has slipped and the California governor is obviously benefiting from it." Two months ago Ford beat Humphrey 48 to 42 per cent.

■ When all the presidential candidates were invited to release a financial statement and the last six years' income tax returns, independent candidate Eugene McCarthy said: The invitation is an example of our society's general assault on privacy, and I won't do it. Then *Medical World News* invited the candidates to release the results of their most recent physical examinations. McCarthy refused. A spokesman said: "McCarthy's concern is that the office

of the Presidency be so institutionalized that it is not dependent on the health of the officeholder." McCarthy did note that all his brothers and sisters are still alive, that his grandmother lived to 96, and that his father was 98 when he died.

■ **ELECTORAL NOTES:** Is this an impeachable offense? Terry Sanford, former governor of North Carolina and currently the darkest horse in the stable, has held a "valley conference" on economic problems. Get it? It is the opposite of a summit conference. . . . First small tremors of a . . . small political tremor. Maryland Republican Senator Charles Mathias, who deplores the rightward drift of the Republican Party, is thinking of running for President as an independent, and has gone so far as to . . . ask the Ohio secretary of state how to get his name on the ballot. . . . Ho hum. The Republican governor of West Virginia, Arch Moore, has been indicted on the charge that he extorted \$25,000 from a businessman seeking a state bank charter. This came after the Democratic governor of Maryland, Marvin Mandel, was indicted for making unseemly profits from shady deals. But 'tis the season to be jolly: 48 governors were not indicted in recent months.

■ Attention, "target infants." The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has a project for you:

The purpose is to evaluate the complexities involved in dealing with interdependent parent and child outcome dimensions, as well as with the complexities of longitudinal relationships between early and long run develop-

mental effects on mothers, target infants, siblings, and other family members to provide the critical evidence of retained and multiplier effects.

■ Notes on the new austerity. The White House tried to give James Lynn a 41 per cent pay raise, from \$44,600 to \$63,000. Lynn, director of the Office of Management and Budget, is in charge of cutting the budget. Congress refused.

■ Senator William Proxmire is not pleased to announce that the Army has spent \$200 million to purchase 14,000 Gamma Goat trucks at \$14,285 apiece. The Goat is supposed to swim. But the Goat's operating manual says a few things about operating it in water. Like: test first to see if it is watertight. (How do you test it? The manual does not say.) Do not enter the water at more than two miles per hour. And do not enter at all if the stream is flowing at more than four miles per hour. Or if the wind is more than twenty miles per hour. If your Goat starts to sink, don't bother trying to call for help on your radio. The Goat generates 95 decibels of noise, which not only is a level considered harmful to hearing, but also prohibits on-the-move communication. The Army has issued ear plugs to the drivers. The Goat has a funny tendency to pop out of gear and drivers say it is easy to snap an axle while shifting gears. The Army is asking for \$5.6 million to make certain modifications on the Goat. The Army might start with the problem the Goat has of splashing mud on its own windshield. On the inside of its windshield.

—CATO

Communist China is a magnificent country. Its political system works well, and its people are fully employed, dedicated, and happy. . . . Communist Russia is eager for detente, and America is spoiling detente by insisting on an expanding defense budget. . . . For years—possibly always—the cold war has been a phony, invented by America. All the old-time so-called Communist spies and people charged with Communist associations, like the Rosenbergs and Hiss, were probably victims of injustice." Miss Efron emphasizes that most of this was not conveyed by the reporters themselves, but by the chosen interviewees, politicians, and so forth, and by the overall impression of the tube's eye picture of the world.

■ The thirty-year drama, Ho Chi Minh's Revolution on the Mekong, came to a triumphant end in the fading days of the old year, when Hanoi announced that Viet-

nam would be reunified by April 30 with—significantly—Hanoi as the capital. So the curtain falls on free Vietnam as it had a few weeks earlier on Laos, when the shaky coalition government and the monarchy were wiped out overnight. So had it fallen suddenly, brutally, on Cambodia, a country whose capital is as deserted these days as the ruined temples of the Khmer kings of Angkor. One wonders how those who labored to bring this peace to Indochina now look upon the result of their labors. One wonders if they care.

■ Since 1941, Freedom House has taken upon itself the melancholy chore of appraising the condition of civil and political liberty in the world. The report for 1975 is even more dispiriting than usual. "Freedom declined," says the organization, "for 743.2 million persons in eight countries"—the worst net loss in the organization's his-

Winning Hearts and Minds in Angola

HUAMBO, ANGOLA (New York Times News Service)—*"The Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola, aided by vast quantities of Soviet arms and by Cuban fighting men, has made sharp military advances on three fronts in recent days . . . Two weeks ago, the National Front and the National Union together controlled close to 80 per cent of Angola's huge territory, with the Popular Movement's forces holding only a corridor stretching east from Luanda . . . But with independence, Soviet arms began pouring into the harbor at Luanda. Some 3,000 Cuban soldiers had arrived some time before; in the last weeks the weapons and the Cubans have turned the tide."*

"It is not clear that the Popular Movement is Soviet-controlled, or that its triumph would mean Soviet domination of Angola. Communists may be prominent in the leadership of MPLA, but other groups are represented at lower levels. Many observers consider the MPLA essentially a nationalist movement, born out of the struggle against colonialism and the movement for land reform." (Tom Ticker, *New York Chimes*.)

HUAMBO, ANGOLA (New York Times News Service)—*"Carlos Ferreira, a 29-year-old Portuguese who commands a National Front unit, returned the other day from the front at Cela and described the battle. 'The Cubans placed their armored cars on high ground and from the back of the trucks they fire the rockets, 24 at a time. The things have a range of eight miles and they fire hundreds of them.' He says he is fighting without pay because he is 'against Communism.'"*

"Nothing can ever excuse the millions of tons of high explosives the pro-Western forces of Holden Roberto would have dropped on harmless Angolan hamlets, if they had had the high explosives. This infamous crime will darken the corridors of history until the end of time." (Anthony Screwus, *New York Chimes*.)

HUAMBO, ANGOLA (New York Times News Service)—*"For months, the Popular Movement was bottled up on a floating front 35 miles north of Luanda around the junction town of Caxito. Now National Front leaders, whose forces controlled that northeastern area, say*

gloomily that their enemies have broken through. The tactics on all three fronts are reportedly very similar, with the Popular Movement relying primarily on the 122-mm Soviet rockets, nicknamed 'Mona Caxitos,' after the town where they were first used here."

"It has become only too clear that the neo-colonialist forces led by Holden Roberto have failed to win the hearts and minds of the ordinary Angolans. Whether or not you agree with their political philosophy, the Marxist-led MPLA seems to many to promise a better life for all, and the MPLA seems best to express the spirit of Angolan nationalism." (Francine Fitzgerald in *Fire in the Bog*.)

"I say that the Angolans must settle their own problems in their own way. I favor a political resolution of their differences, just as I did in Vietnam." (Sen. Mike Stansfield, D., Cont.)

HUAMBO, ANGOLA (New York Times News Service)—*"With the rapidly deteriorating military position of the National Front and National Union forces, the leaders here show signs of flagging spirit."*

"The efforts of Holden Roberto and his FNLA forces are severely hampered by the corruption evident everywhere in his organization. 'Who wants to fight in such a war and for such leaders?' asked a young FNLA trooper, munching a mango. 'We just want to go home and live.' He could not have been more than six years old." (Gloria Flemmerson, *New York Chimes*.)

"The massive flow of Soviet armaments, including heavy weapons and aircraft, grossly escalated the level of fighting in Angola earlier this year. Since October, the MPLA has been reinforced by a 3,000-man force of Cuban personnel. There was a time when the U.S. would have responded to such a massive and menacing intervention with its own show of force, but that is something the American people would never countenance now." (New York Times editorial, November 26.)

"There is no alternative to detente." (Henry Kissinger, once daily, to be taken with a grain of SALT.)

—JEFFREY HART

tory. Much of the credit for last year's record goes to Indian statesperson Indira Gandhi, who wearied of democracy and is now dabbling in dictatorship. Among the other countries where freedom was rooted out were South Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos; credit in these countries goes to the Soviet Union and the U.S. Congress, which tired of supporting the struggle to preserve a measure of freedom in Indochina. Freedom House reported that 35 per cent of the world's people were free in 1974, but in 1975 the percentage plummeted to 19.8

per cent, with 35.3 per cent partly free, and 44.9 per cent not free. Judging from developments in Angola, the U.S. Congress and the Soviet Union seem intent on making 1976 the year the enslaved gain the majority.

■ Argentina ranks right up there with New York City in terms of ungovernability. Since World War II, there has been no such thing as a normal transfer of power; Perón, the military, and various elected presidents in turn were ousted, or threw in the towel. The worldwide

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economic dislocations and terrorism of the last few years hit Argentina with full force, and Isabel Perón, who acceded to the presidency when her husband died in July, 1974, has neither his charisma nor his standing with the military. During her first year and a half in office, well over a thousand Argentines have been killed by terrorists. In recent weeks, there have been full-scale battles between Trotskyist guerrillas and the army, as well as a revolt by right-wing air force officers. The commander of the army has given Mrs. Perón the chance to resign; if she doesn't, the army will almost certainly stage a coup. The question is what happens then. After its last disheartening period of rule—the seven years that ended with Perón's return—the military will want to arrange for elections as soon as possible. This time there is no Perón lurking in the wings to disturb their calculations; but it is hard to concentrate on a ballot with bullets whizzing overhead.

■ The Vatican has given Father John McNeill permission to go ahead and publish his two-years-delayed pro-homosexual book, written but untitled. Father McNeill thinks the Church's traditional proscriptions have prevented homosexuals from "entering into any kind of meaningful relationship," whatever that means. We'll reserve judgment until Sheed and Ward prints the book later this year, but it is worth noting that theology, once the queen of the sciences, may now also become the science of queens.

■ BICENTENNIAL NOTE: According to Gallup, 28 per cent of adult Americans are unable to say "what important event" occurred in 1776.

■ CULTURAL NOTES: Stanford students, having discarded their former team name, the Indians, as offensive to some (native Americans, liberals, and cowboys), will choose a new name this week from a batch including the Huns and the Robber Barons. In Sarasota, Mr. Vernon Bass added his own footnote to history by gulping down 588 raw oysters in 17 minutes, 32 seconds. You probably heard that Mad Melinda Ross married Wayne Bernau on the stage of the Camden, N.J. club where she go-gos, and that after the ceremony she shed her gown and did a few fast numbers for the 500 enthusiastic guests. Mad Melinda gets her footnote by virtue of having fifty go-go girls on stage at once dancing for the reception. And hasty congratulations to the Toronto couple who became parents of triplets the day after their wedding.

■ The Tribal Council of the White Earth (Minn.) Reservation has offered to buy back New York City for \$74.63 in ornamental beads. Our advice is, grab it.

■ Last-minute holiday shoppers were able to purchase from the Fairfax County, Virginia Democratic organization a 1½-inch square piece of "the genuine carpet trod upon by the five Watergate burglars arrested while stand-

ing on portions of this same carpet" in the Watergate offices June 17, 1972, and if used carpet at \$4,320 a yard isn't a bargain these days, what is?

■ Did you know that Richard Rovere doesn't believe, in his heart of hearts, that everyone is entitled to his own opinion?

Man of the Year

It tells us much about the present rhetorical climate that Daniel Patrick Moynihan could become a global *cause célèbre* simply by speaking a few truths in the UN General Assembly—that "barbarous parliament," as Paul Johnson calls it in the December 20 *New Republic*, fashioning his oxymoron with care. The truths Moynihan has been telling, however, are necessary ones. They were foreshadowed by his now famous essay in *Commentary* (March, 1975):

"It is time that the American spokesman came to be feared in the international forums for the truths he might tell. A good many Third World countries would not welcome a sustained comparison between the liberties they provide their own peoples and those which are common in the United States. . . . In Washington, three decades of habit have created patterns of appeasement so profound as to seem wholly normal. . . . It is past time we ceased to apologize for an imperfect democracy. Find its equal. It is time we grew out of our supersensitivity about the feelings of new nations. It is time we commenced to treat them as equals, a respect to which they are entitled.

"The Third World must feed itself, for example, and this will not be done by suggesting that Americans eat too much. It is one thing to stress what is consumed in the West, another to note what is produced there. In 1973, 17.8 per cent of the world's population produced 64.3 per cent of its product—and not just from taking advantage of cheap raw materials." . . . Those "nations which have put liberty ahead of equality have ended up doing better by equality than those with the reverse priority. This is so, and it is something to be shouted to the heavens. *This is our case.* We are the liberty party, and it might surprise us what energies might be released were we to unfurl those banners." A good deal of opinion has of course been outraged by such candor—and, let it be said, entirely civil candor.

As the year 1976 opens before us, is it not high time to re-emphasize, as Moynihan has begun to do, an old and obvious but unfashionable distinction, the one between civilization and barbarism? Voltaire and Hume, Gibbon and Jefferson had that distinction at the center of their thought; it goes back at least to Herodotus; but it has somehow faded from view, perhaps under an overlay of liberal cultural relativism.

In the *New Republic* article alluded to above, Paul

Johnson, former editor of the British socialist *New Statesman*, cuts through the murk and shows us the plain features of global barbarism. Among the "barbarous states" are "Soviet Russia, the world's most efficient tyranny, and its dutiful cohort of East European colonies: nations, once civilized, held in abject subservience by political police and their concentration camps, backed by the threat of Soviet tanks and missiles." And then there is "the Arab-Moslem bloc: all of its members one-party military dictatorships, police states, or feudal monarchies of unspeakable degradation—the one exception, Lebanon, torn to bloody pieces by uncontrollable civil war. Joining these two foci of barbarism were a multitude of new recruits from Africa and Asia: former colonies ruthlessly turned into Soviet- or China-style one-party regimes, with a full panoply of secret police, torture dungeons, camps, execution centers, and mass, unmarked burial grounds; or, alternatively, those which had quickly degenerated into pre-colonial tribal kingdoms, ruled by savages, jovial or brutal according to their mood."

At the UN's barbarous parliament, the barbarians, because of Moynihan, are no longer getting a free rhetorical ride. Civilization has ceased to tug at its forelock and suffer spasms of guilt over being superior to savagery and tyranny.

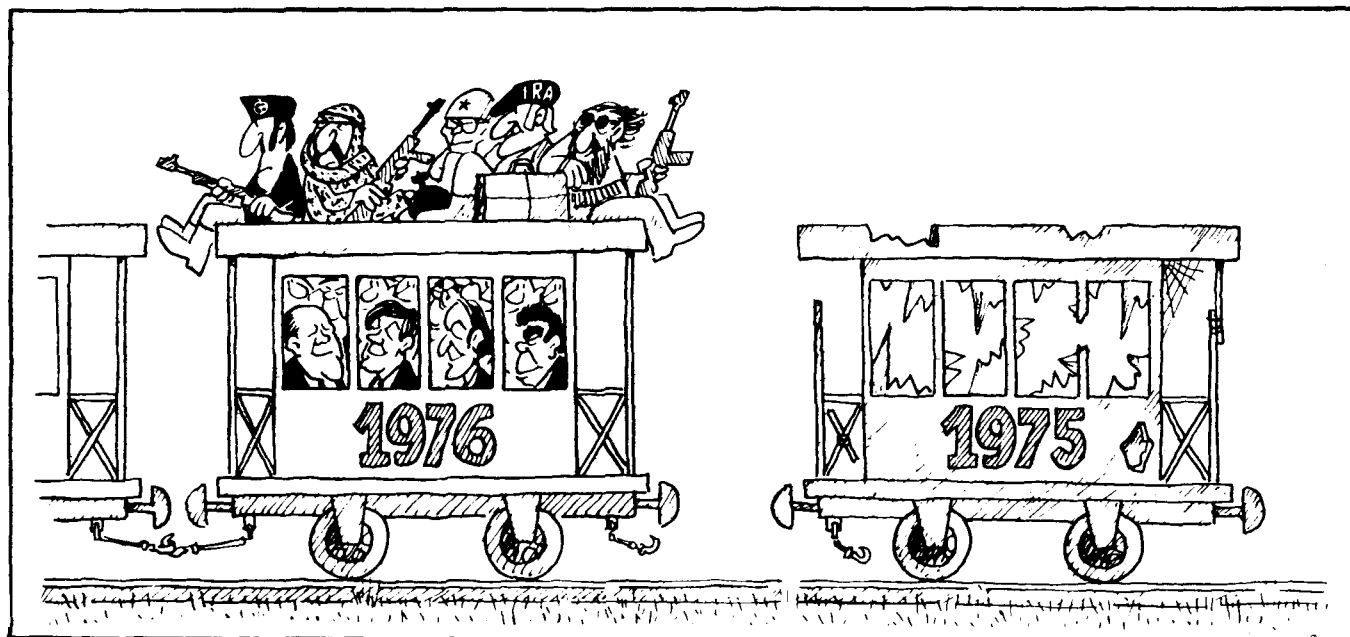
At the present time the Democratic Party is engaged in a search for a plausible presidential candidate. Nothing much has emerged. Why not Moynihan? He is a liberal, but no McGovernite kook. He is Irish, and might well recapture the straying ethnic vote. The Jews like him. He would appeal to Labor. He was born in the slums of New York but he has also been a professor at Harvard, not to mention ambassador to India. His published books and essays show a firm grasp of social reality, and one of them—*Beyond the Melting Pot*, of which he was co-author—has become a classic in its field. He

is more than articulate, he is eloquent—the first tribune in a good many years to have stirred the American public to a renewed feeling of pride and confidence in themselves and their country. He has served in high posts under four Presidents, two Democrats and two Republicans. He is a patriot, and he is a man of the West. He would seem to be not only a good but virtually the ideal Democratic nominee for the Presidency. Why are the national Democrats fooling around with a lot of sows' ears when they have at hand a genuine silk purse? Daniel Patrick Moynihan is our 1975 Man of the Year.

The Year of the Terrorist

The Terrorist has a strong claim to be included prominently among 1975's symbolic Men of the Year. We tend to miss the significance of developments that escalate gradually over a period of years, even to overlook them altogether. But if we exercise our memory and imagination to compare 1975 and, say, 1960 with respect to the prevalence of terrorism, we realize at once the enormity of the change. In 1960 terrorism was limited to a few localities and a small number of forgotten incidents: it was not "a problem." In 1975 terrorist activity was on a scale that has no precedent in the history of modern (post-Renaissance) nations.

Some of the contemporary terrorist operations—like many of the Italian kidnappings and some of the hijackings—are professional crimes for profit. Most of them have, or purport to have, a political rationale: "liberation" for some national, ethnic, or geographic entity; destruction of a government or social system or social class; religious or cultural autonomy—the list is extensive and flexible. All terrorist operations are by definition outlaw—counter to and often deliberately destructive of



the legal and political system within which they occur—and all make use of the threat and usually the actuality of illegal violence.

In 1975 terrorist activities increased greatly in every dimension: in geographic range, in the number of both terrorists and victims, in the ferocity of the terrorist acts. Among the advanced nations, the bloodiest theaters were Lebanon, Argentina, and Northern Ireland, but there were hundreds of incidents in many of the others—England, Spain, Portugal, West Germany, Italy, the United States, Brazil, Colombia, among others. In many of the Third World countries—Uganda, Mozambique, Angola, Cambodia, Chad, and what not—it is hardly possible in the general chaos to distinguish terrorism from everyday routine.

The terrorist year ended with an appropriate climax: the LaGuardia bombing and the OPEC kidnapping. If terrorists were not totally devoid of a sense of humor, the Vienna six might have been suspected of staging this episode as a farce. There were surely few in the global audience who could have suppressed at least an inward smile on reading the cast of hostages drawn from the summit of the Oil Olympus. For Americans, this caper—which had cost two lives in its opening scene—had as grim accompaniment the assassination of Richard Welch, CIA station chief in Athens, carried out apparently by far-out Greek extremists, but prepared for through the blowing of CIA officers by Philip Agee and his political associates, and through the irresponsibly handled exposures and attacks launched by Congress and the media.

In Britain, Sweden, and the Netherlands, partly successful handling of several hostage-taking incidents suggested a growing sophistication in tactics suitable for certain types of terrorists and terrorist actions. But more generally the increase in terrorist operations continued far more rapid than any advance in counter-terrorist methods. A key difficulty lies in the fact that there is no universal consensus on the desirability of putting an end to *all* terrorists: many persons and many nations are against terrorism in general but soft on some particular terrorism—anti-Israel terror, IRA terror (support of which by U.S. citizens was documented last week), anti-

Franco terror, anti-CIA terror, pro-this-and-that-liberation terror, anti-racist (or pro-racist) terror, anti-ITT or anti-Chase Bank terror, or whatever. It has proved impossible to get general agreement by the world's governments to refuse sanctuary to all terrorists, though possibly the OPEC caper will stimulate a new effort to do so.

There is a conspicuous geographic exception to the global spread of terrorist operations: none, or virtually none, has appeared in the Communist nations. In reality the appearance is deceptive: terrorism under Communist regimes is official; the Communist government establishes a terror monopoly, and succeeds in eliminating unofficial competitors. (Interestingly enough, rightist dictatorships, although they try to deal with terrorism by a similar formula, usually do not succeed in eliminating unofficial terror as totally as the Communist regimes: another indication that rightist dictatorships are not in fact as totalitarian as Communist regimes.) The average citizen in a democratic nation sees the increase of terrorism as a breakdown in government—which of course it is—and as a slide toward anarchy and social chaos. The governmental monopoly of terror seems at least an escape from chaos into an order of sorts. Most human beings will always choose order over anarchy and chaos. If the democratic nations do not find ways to reverse the rising terrorist trend, they may not remain democratic many years longer.

Is Ford Finished?

At first glance that question seems wildly premature. After all, Ford *is* the incumbent President, supposedly enjoying all the political advantages of that position. Yet the first primary vote is now less than two months away and there are some reasons to believe that, incredible as it may seem, Ford may no longer be a serious contender.

1. First, and perhaps least, there is that amazing Ford tumble in the Gallup poll. In a single month Reagan went from 23 points behind to 8 points ahead. During that period, moreover, Reagan in fact did next to nothing except announce his candidacy, though that generated some publicity. Does this mean that as soon as a plausible alternative came forward he immediately moved into the position of front runner?

Despite much that is being written about the President's ability to recoup, how likely is it, really, that he will bounce back once the campaigning begins in earnest? Ford has done quite a lot of campaigning during the last six months. But after he made three trips to California, for example, he *fell* five points in the state poll there. Private polls now show Reagan ahead 2 to 1 in Florida and 3 to 2 in New Hampshire.

2. Ford has never presided over a national campaign, and his present effort seems to reflect that fact. What sort of organization, with a key primary coming up in New Hampshire, could put out the word that the President would be skiing at Vail, Colorado this Christmas

Practicing Psychology

In San Francisco, where they vote
For liberals as if by rote,
The leftists got an awful fright
By losing, almost, to the Right.
Reviewing the results, let's not
Assume we've toppled Camelot.
We mustn't cackle, hoot, or grin.
(It wasn't, after all, a win.)
If we can practice self-restraint,
They might vote Reagan in—then faint.

W. H. VON DREELE

because the snow in New Hampshire is so rotten? What sort of organization would send as emissary to the Southern Republican Conference in Houston—the Southern Republican Conference in *Houston*—none other than . . . Nelson Rockefeller? Who, moreover, proceeded to go straight off the reservation and call the Southerners “sons of bitches” who should “get off their ass” and help Ford? Amazingly enough—but perhaps not so amazing after all, in this context—the Republican National Committee has refused to release its fundraising lists to Ford. As one columnist put it, Howard “Bo” Callaway’s campaign operation “has often resembled a plate of spilled spaghetti.”

3. Worse, if possible, is the palpable change that has occurred in the national atmosphere surrounding Ford. Few people dislike him, but the feeling is growing that though he inhabits the Oval Office, he is just not to be taken quite seriously. One symptom of this is the rise of the generic “Ford joke,” and not only its rise but its respectability. On a recent TV show, for example, the comedian Rich Little was doing the familiar imitations of politicians, Rockefeller rasping, Hubert blabbing, and so forth. But in his imitation of Ford, Little did not speak at all. He backed up five paces, then walked forward and stumbled into the microphone. It brought down the house. These Ford jokes—“He got trapped for two hours in the White House the other day.” “What happened?” “The escalator stopped running.”—are cruel and certainly unfair in any literal sense, but Tom Braden may have been right when, in a recent column, he drew this conclusion from the Ford jokes: “It’s a clear signal; more important even than the Gallup poll. When the nation’s end men begin to treat a serious politician as a joke, he is through.”

Strange Currents Stirring

As the year 1975 drew to a close, quite a few signs appeared that strong trends against spend-and-hope politics might be setting in around the world. On November 29, for example, New Zealand voters threw out the incumbent Labor government and voiced a decided negative judgment on its ever-expanding social programs. The conservative National Party, running on a belt-tightening and law-and-order platform, now enjoys a solid majority in Parliament.

On December 11, in Canada, British Columbia voters tossed out the local Socialist government and gave a conservative coalition a landslide victory. Prime Minister Trudeau lamented a “swing to the right.”

Two days later, in Australia, a big political turnover occurred when voters rejected Gough Whitlam’s Labor Party in favor of the Liberal-Country coalition led by conservative Malcolm Fraser. Whitlam’s sky-rocketing welfare and social spending plus a modish neutralism clearly had laid an egg.

But this trend seems to be observable throughout the

Humphrey on Angola

He’d rather not discuss the threats
Lobbed over by the Soviets.
Just *thinking* of “a new Vietnam”
Plays havoc with his diaphragm.
He’d simply let Mobutu stew.
“Let’s give a damn about our Sioux!”
But marching on Pretoria
Produces sheer euphoria.

W. H. VON DREELE

advanced Western world, or at least in much of it. In the various state and local elections of 1975, American voters rejected bond issue after bond issue put forward for education and other social purposes. Massachusetts’ new Governor Michael Dukakis spent the year trimming his social budget and fighting with the Democratic-controlled legislature, and has just weathered his first important staff resignations, in protest over his retrenchment policies. In California, Governor Jerry Brown enjoys a popularity of 80 per cent after two years of “out-Reaganing Reagan.” In Connecticut, Governor Ella Grasso has been waging a knock-down political fight with organized state employees over the issue of budget trimming. We have of course seen the de facto bankruptcy of New York, accompanied by the Carey-Beame-Ford fiscal ballet. What is more, Governors Dukakis, Brown, Grasso, and Carey are all Democrats.

Even in England, where much welfare-state theory was hatched, Prime Minister Harold Wilson may be beginning to come to grips with actualities. According to the *Washington Post*, Wilson told a December meeting of businessmen and labor leaders that his government “will be giving priority to industrial development over consumption or even social objectives . . .”

These remain, to be sure, only scattered indications, and not much along the new lines has yet been actually carried out. But a spirit of tough-minded realism seems to be on the increase in the advanced nations of the West. And if so, a chill wind could begin to blow down on the Washington power-structure from the mountains of New Hampshire this February 24.

Happy New Year.

Amnesty Goes to Moscow

Amnesty International has over the years published comparatively little on the Soviet Union, chiefly because the Kremlin makes it so hard to obtain the specific, detailed information Amnesty uses. However, this produced a sort of ideological astigmatism: it was precisely those countries that were *totalitarian* that did not get reported on; and this lack of reporting, as Solzhenitsyn has pointed out, had the effect of focusing indignation on

the relatively freer countries where information could be obtained: on Greece, South Africa, South Korea, South Vietnam, rather than on the Soviet Union, Cuba, North Korea, North Vietnam, Red China.

Amnesty has now broken with precedent and published a major report, *Prisoners of Conscience in the USSR: Their Treatment and Conditions*. One might take issue with its rather low figures and with the restraint of its language; but these very factors will probably help increase its influence. Here are some of its conclusions:

Soviet legal abuses are directed primarily against political and religious dissenters: "There has never in Amnesty International's experience been an acquittal of a political defendant in the USSR." Amnesty guesses that there are now "at least 10,000 political and religious prisoners in the USSR" (emphasis added); Soviet authorities, said an AI spokesman upon releasing the report, "are certain to say that our estimate is too high, but if they are correct they should break with tradition and publish the true figures themselves" (and, one might add, allow independent inspectors to verify them).

Using as an example Leonid Plyushch, the Ukrainian cyberneticist who was "hospitalized" in 1973 for "creeping schizophrenia" (a common diagnosis in political cases), AI takes up in detail the Soviets' habit of incarcerating dissidents in mental institutions. The "special psychiatric hospitals," it says, are more like prisons than hospitals; convicted criminals are employed as orderlies, and they are given carte blanche to beat the inmates. "In special psychiatric hospitals, where patients are kept in almost total isolation from society and where non-medical criteria influence the appointment of psychiatrists, the anonymity of psychiatrists and the unchallengeable character of their decisions invite medical practices which are positively dangerous for patients."

So long as the Soviet Union maintains these policies, says Amnesty, it "will continue to generate suspicion and mistrust, certainly abroad and to some extent within the Soviet Union itself." Not enough suspicion and mistrust, we would say—the evil you see is more vivid than the evil you don't—but this report is a welcome addition.



Thelwell, *Punch*

Rothco

"It's a cash-flow problem—right?"

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In "Dmitri Shostakovich, R I P" [NR, Aug. 29] we are informed: "His First Symphony . . . is quite possibly his best work. Better by far than the First Symphony of Mahler." Better *by far* than Mahler's First! We had better take this opportunity to instruct your tin-eared writer, via the exquisite insight of Bruno Walter, on Mahler's brilliant Symphony. Maestro Walter says of the First: "Only a few voices had greeted it with enthusiasm and acknowledged it as a bold work of genius, as the conquest of a new land in the territory of music. . . . Without transition the muted kettledrums of the third movement begin to beat their relentless marching rhythm over which the spectral chant of the canon rises and falls, and we are led through an inferno which perhaps has not its equal in symphonic literature. . . . His First Symphony will—in its musical richness and originality—remain an historic milestone in music. . . ." So much for your writer's musical judgment.

Now for his political judgment. He quotes Shostakovich: "'The theme of my symphony is the making of man. I saw man with all his experiences in the center of the composition, which is lyrical in form from beginning to end. The finale is the optimistic solution of the tragically tense moments of the first movement.' Forage through that for as long as you like, and you won't come up with a trace of the Marxism-Leninism that dogged him . . ." Although your writer earlier recognized that the symphony being described, Shostakovich's Fifth, was *dedicated* to the twentieth anniversary celebration of the Soviet Revolution, he seems quite blind to the implication of Shostakovich's own statements about it, as quoted above. Note that the theme is the making of man, man at the center, written in lyrical form and with an optimistic solution. Clearly Shostakovich is not speaking of the *creation* of man by God, but rather of that turgid building-socialism-on-a-tractor socialist realism which passes for Communist art. Were he speaking of man's creation he could scarcely view it optimistically, considering what was to follow in Eden, and later in Moscow. And, of course, to put man in the center is to deny man's mere creaturely role in the creation vis-à-vis God. Now please contrast Shostakovich's view of man with Mahler's. In 1909, after Mahler had conducted his First Symphony in New York, he wrote to Bruno Walter: "I was quite satisfied with this youthful venture. I am strongly affected when I conduct one of those early works of mine. There is crystallizing a burning pain in my heart. What a world is this that casts up such sounds and reflections of images. Things like the Funeral March and

the outburst of the storm which follows it seem to me like a flaming accusation of the Creator." Man is *not* in the center of Mahler's symphony, but rather man's relationship to God. Nor is Mahler optimistic about man's possibilities in this world, except in the eschatological sense that a Christian brings to this notion. Unlike Mahler's, Shostakovich's view of man is simply atheistic humanism, which is entirely consistent with his party-lining dedication of his Fifth Symphony to the Soviet revolution.

We would like to suggest that you confine your musical criticism to the Arts and Manners section, where it can be attended to by someone competent, in a *signed* article. Our own musical opinion of Shostakovich? It is best expressed as being the same as that of David Ewen. In Mr. Ewen's 1962 book *The World of Great Composers*, Shostakovich is, of course, *not* included.

Most cordially,
Gilman Hudgens
Ruel A. Chastonay
Lois Chastonay
Hartsburg, Missouri

But did you ever hear what Clara Schumann said about David Ewen? She said, "Every time I read Ewen, I hear the sound of muted kettledrums in my behind." So whom are we to believe?
—WFB

■ House of Commons
London SW1

Dear Bill,
Having just read your article in the *Washington Star* of 28th October, I have made my first New Year Resolution. From 1st January, 1976, Mr. Buckley shall be "Bill."

I shall assume the appropriate reciprocity.

Yours sincerely,
Margaret Thatcher

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I haven't written to you in eons and really I shouldn't be writing to you now because my semester essay is due in 52 hours, 56 minutes and it is not yet done. I've got a great topic: "Who was Alcibiades' tailor?" I'm sure my tutors will be knocked breathless by the profundity of the title, if nothing else.

You might want to write a letter to the Dean or somebody in charge here at St. John's about the enormous workload: it leaves no time for watching *Firing Line* or *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, and reading NATIONAL REVIEW is out of the question unless "they" put it on the reading list for a seminar here.

Mr. Buckley, can I call you Bill since I feel like I know you? . . . Bill, I think it would be great if you'd be the commencement speaker at my graduation in 1978—if my graduation by some fluke or chance should come to pass. The graduating class would only be forty or so

people—no heckling or jeering—and besides that, Santa Fe is gorgeous. If I'm here in 1978 I'm going to try to be on the committee that chooses the commencement speaker—last year's class wanted Woody Allen. Seriously, when should one who is in a position of authority approach you with such a request? This campus needs a bit of *current* political wisdom—Pericles is dead and buried and besides that, he was a New Dealer.

I've got to get back to work, there's only 52 hours and 37 minutes left . . . καλον το αιει μανθανειν . . . sometimes.

Gary Edwards
St. John's College
Sante Fe, New Mexico

Dear Gary: It would be cheaper if your graduating class came to New York. But meanwhile, watch what you say about Pericles. *He* didn't believe in detente. Cordially, WFB (See NR, Dec. 5.)

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Gene Shalit's translation of Genesis into Physics ["Notes & Asides," Oct. 10] "lighted your day." I was impressed, and sent it on to my son, a freshman at Butler University, who, at times, speaks Physics fluently.

He and his roommate clouded the brightness; they graded the equation "D," and returned it to me with the enclosed revision:

And God said:

$$\rightarrow \rightarrow$$

$$\nabla \cdot D = 4 \pi q$$

$$\rightarrow \rightarrow$$

$$\nabla \cdot B = 0$$

$$\rightarrow \rightarrow 4\pi \rightarrow 1 \partial D$$

$$\nabla \times H = - \frac{J}{c} + - \frac{\partial D}{\partial t}$$

$$\rightarrow \rightarrow 1 \partial D$$

$$\nabla \times E = - \frac{\partial D}{\partial t}$$

. . . and there was Light.

Mrs. Audrey Kapetansky
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Mrs. Kapetansky: Thank you and your son for straightening the record. Yours cordially, WFB

■ INT WILLIAM F BUCKLEY ETAL
CARE US EMBASSY
MOSCOW (RUSSIA)

WILLIAMOVICH PRISCILLANOVNA IVANOVNA VOTSISSDRA-
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REIDOVICH [BUCKLEY]
—WFB

A Last Look

BECAUSE this column is written at the end of a year, and at the end of my three-year stint as NATIONAL REVIEW's man in Washington, it is a suitable occasion for trying to see the recent past in perspective.

The first "Capital Issues" column was written a few weeks before Mr. Nixon was inaugurated for his second term, during which, it was said, he might preside over the emergence of the Republican majority. It was written a few weeks before former President Lyndon Johnson died, a few weeks before the "peace agreement" that was to end direct American involvement in the war that had destroyed the Johnson Presidency. Nixon's role seemed to be that of peacemaker abroad and, even more, at home.

Having won a smashing victory, Mr. Nixon felt that he, personally, was the locus of legitimacy, and he set about sending agents loyal to him into the upper bureaucracy. They included Jeb Stuart Magruder to the Department of Commerce and Egil Krogh to the Department of Transportation.

Then James McCord sent a letter to John Sirica suggesting that a coverup had occurred, and by July, when John Dean testified before the Ervin Committee, the locus of legitimacy had become the symbol of illegitimacy. From then until August 8, 1974, the two most dramatic events in American government were the attempts by the only two nationally elected leaders first to cling to office, and then to get out of office without getting into prison.

Through all of this conservatism had been prospering, but prospering almost in spite of conservatives. Conservatives played a large part in causing the mess, and played a small part in cleaning it up. They resurrected Mr. Nixon in 1967, and subdued the Republican resistance to him at the 1968 convention. Between autumn 1969—the Des

Capital Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

Moines speech—and autumn 1973—the resignation—the principal conservative pinup was Spiro Agnew. Given that the success of political movements always turns on their ability to identify and elevate quality leaders, it is a wonder that there is more than a patch of conservatism remaining.

But certainly, within the Republican Party, conservatism—understood as the anti-statist impulse—is stronger than at any time in the last half-century. And it is an open question—the question the Ronald Reagan candidacy is designed to answer—whether conservatism is stronger in the nation than it has been since, say, October, 1929. Obviously there has been a dynamic in American society during these three years that has strengthened the conservative persuasion even while the most conspicuous conservative leaders were disgracing themselves.

CONSERVATIVE ideas of the sort nourished by NATIONAL REVIEW enabled conservatives to anticipate and fear the steady contraction of the private sphere of life under the pressure of the expanding public sphere. But the mass of people are not moved by ideas. They are moved by conditions. They were moved toward conservatism by the strange chemistry of simultaneous inflation and recession; this involved an experience for many Americans that was novel and, in a sense, radicalizing: their standard of living declined. This did for conservatism what could not have been done by placing a copy of Hayek's *Constitution of Liberty* next to the Gideon Bible in every hotel room.

Suddenly the mind of the nation was focused on the cost of things—things like bread and bonds and bombers. This concern with the cost of things, this sense that life is real, life is earnest, was subversive of liberalism. Suddenly, negativism, the supposed conservative failing, is the national mood.

The anti-statist feeling prevalent today is directly related to disappointment with the Great Society initiatives, Vietnam, and Watergate—all of which seemed to vindicate skepticism about power. It received strong reinforcement

this year with what may come to be remembered as the most conservatizing episode of the current political era—the shambles in New York City.

The desperation of liberals in search of a doctrine was apparent recently in the brief, silly argument about U.S. aid for anti-Soviet factions in the Angolan civil war. When the aid became known, there was a sudden spring in the step of ten or so Democratic candidates, each of whom is desperate for opportunities to show that he is more purely liberal than his rivals. At last, again there was a U.S. policy to oppose.

To understand the demoralization of liberal Democrats, let your mind run back 12 months. There were 75 freshman Democrats in the House of Representatives; they were, we were told, the iron in the soul of the "veto-proof" Congress. But as this is written, Congress has just gone home for Christmas, having failed—failed in the House—to override Mr. Ford's most daring veto, the veto of the tax-cut-extension bill which did not contain the spending ceiling Mr. Ford wanted. Mr. Ford and Congress came up with a last minute compromise, but it was a downbeat end to what was supposed to have been Year One of the "new era" of congressional government.

But the current ill-health of liberalism does not guarantee a prosperous future for conservatism. To the extent that conservatism is seen as a doctrine of unsettlement, of counterrevolution (and, truth be told, this is how many conservatives want it to be seen), it will offend the temperamental conservatism of the electorate.

And there certainly is no reason to believe that the new conservatism of the nation will benefit the Republican Party. The most successful and conspicuous practitioner of this new conservatism is Governor Brown of California, a Democrat, and as regards foreign policy, the most arresting figure is UN Ambassador Daniel Moynihan, a Democrat. All this is, of course, splendid, from NATIONAL REVIEW's point of view. NATIONAL REVIEW, a small journal of large ideas, is clever about scattering its clothes along the river bank, where they can be easily stolen by anyone who fancies them. □

Nobody But Us Democrats

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

IN MID-NOVEMBER Enrico Berlinguer, leader of the Italian Communist Party, and Georges Marchais, leader of the French Party, issued a joint declaration. The text is enough to convict Thomas Jefferson of authoritarian deviations. "All the liberties which are the fruit of the great democratic-bourgeois revolutions as of the great popular struggles of this century, must be guaranteed and developed; and thus, the liberty of thought and expression, of the press, of meeting and association, the right to demonstrate, the free movement of persons inside and outside their own country, the inviolability of private life, of religious liberties, the total freedom of expression of currents of thought, and of every philosophical, cultural, and artistic opinion. The French and Italian Communists favor the plurality of parties, the right of opposition parties to exist and to act . . . the democratic functioning of the state, and the independence of justice." Who could ask for anything more?

The declaration sets out what is called among Marxists "the parliamentary road to socialism [i.e., Communism]." The *Times* summed it up as a "declaration of the French and Italian parties that each would set its own strategy and seek power through the Western democratic system."

Taking Power and Using Power

There is nothing new about this "parliamentary road." Marx himself speculated that in Great Britain the Revolution might conceivably be carried out through the existing parliamentary processes. After the aborted 1905 Russian revolution, there was an intra-Marxist struggle over the question whether revolutionists should stand for and, if elected, sit in the Duma. The parliamentarians—led by Lenin—won the dispute. In 1917 the Bolsheviks shifted to the insurrectionary road in due course, but even in that case the Soviet regime began life with a coalition government. The united fronts of the mid-1930s were presented to the public as a commitment to the parlia-

mentary and democratic road. After the Nazis attacked the Soviet Union, the U.S. Communists declared themselves the true descendants of the Founding Fathers, and Franklin Roosevelt rewarded them by springing Earl Browder, the Party leader, from jail. The Czech Communists took power through a series (the salami method) of formally democratic steps within the Czech parliamentary structure. Since the war, Communist parties have used parliamentary and other democratic institutions in all countries where the Party is legal. Except for the Soviet Union, all Communist nations call themselves "people's democracies."

The Communists long ago got over the doctrinaire notion that the exact scenario of the Bolshevik seizure of power in Russia held for all countries. (In point of fact, every subsequent instance of Communist takeover has differed, often in more than detail.) The precise sequence on the road to power is a tactical question: how best, under the given circumstances, to reach the strategic goal of getting power and then using it to destroy capitalism and institute the dictatorship of the proletariat (i.e., of the Communist Party).

It is not only the precise steps that are a question of tactics, but the words that are used in public talk about these steps. If you are, at the moment, traveling along the parliamentary road, you are not going to be idiotic enough to tell those you are traveling with that your real program entails their political liquidation along with that of the democratic system. What you do is to publish statements like this one by Marchais-Berlinguer.

From a Communist point of view, this sort of statement—there have been thousands over the years—is not altogether a fraud; there is a sense in which a Communist can genuinely believe it. The Communists are truly in favor of democracy and democratic rights *within non-Communist nations*, since these rights enable the Communist Party to operate freely in pursuit of its objective of liquidating democracy and democratic rights. Inside a Communist-ruled nation, the dynamic relationship is, in the standard dialectic manner,

reversed: political parties other than the Communist parties become covers for the machinations of the counterrevolution; strikes are transformed into sabotage of the people's mines and factories; free speech is only a license for class enemies and imperialist spies; habeas corpus is a trick to let the people's enemies escape socialist justice. It's all child's play for a dialectician.

See No Evil

The Marchais-Berlinguer declaration, which purports to speak for all Europe, makes no reference to the absence, in Europe's Communist-ruled portion, of the democratic processes and rights to which Marchais and Berlinguer pledge their troth, or to the conduct of the Portuguese Communists when they thought themselves within striking distance of power. How to get power is not the same problem as what to do with it. With respect to the latter there has been no difference in fundamentals among the Communist parties that have gained power in Europe, Asia, and America, and are getting close to it in Africa.

Maybe the disintegration of Italy and even France has gone so far by now that the majority of the citizens are no longer able and willing to resist the advent of Communism, and will allow themselves to be eased into passivity by the democratic lullabies currently being sung by Marchais, Berlinguer, and Spain's Carrillo. As Mrs. Luce wrote in the recent debate in *NR* [Nov. 7]: "At all times, in all places, a people faced with the threat of anarchy has chosen order, even at the sacrifice of liberty." To the French and Italians (as to the Portuguese and Spaniards) the Communists are in effect laying down an ultimatum: Only by yielding to us can you have order, since we are in a position to disrupt any order other than ours. Their point has proved persuasive enough even to have penetrated the sophisticated defenses of Mrs. Luce's opponent.

As the old fairy tale puts it: "My, what soft teeth you have, Grandma!" "The better to con you with, my dear." □

ABORTION: The Class Religion

A bit of defensiveness is the homage the heretic pays to the consensus.

Right now it is the anti-abortionists who are the heretics; but that can change

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

WE ALL have been warned against the *argumentum ad hominem*. Of course a point can't be settled by reference to the respective characters of the disputants: everybody knows that. Yet such arguments are politically potent. The question of a government energy policy boils down, for many people (including some senators), to whether the heads of oil companies are greedy. A campaign against pornography depends on disgust with pornography itself, no doubt, but it helps if the censorship advocate can excite repugnance against pornographers as a hateful class of men. Popular politics requires villains.

Abortion advocates have devoted a great deal of emphasis to what may appear to be defects in opponents of abortion. The purpose of this strategy is not so much to arouse hatred against anti-abortionists as it is simply to isolate them by making them seem to be the kind of people with whom you would be reluctant to associate yourself: narrow, sectarian (usually Catholic) sorts who are intolerant (they want to "impose" their "personal views" or "values" on the rest of us) and insensitive (abortion being, after all, a "complex" and "sensitive" issue, for which, as we all know, there are no simple or easy answers). This is a subtle strategy, for the gentleness with which it puts down its foes also has the simultaneous effect of making abortion's proponents sound like a higher order of being—educated, low-keyed, alert to the most delicate moral nuance; sympathetic, self-effacing, troubled by the burden of their realization that no slogan will do.

Say what you will: it works. Moreover, I think it is a mistake to sneer at it. This sort of appeal may not be logical, but in its own way I think it is legitimate. As Aristotle points out, the orator's character, as it appears to the audience, helps to determine whether he persuades them or not. Sometimes people instinctively mistrust a speaker or writer without being able to meet his argument, and this sort of prejudice, though it may not be laudable, is indispensable for the routine conduct of life. If we present ourselves as reasonable, others are prepared to agree with us. Even the appeal to snobbery can be defended, so long as it is not grounded in falsehood: Americans do not like to admit it, but there are social classes whose business it is to be enlightened. I can't blame members of those classes for trading on the presumption in their favor. My impression is that it is the upper middle classes—the most powerful and influential stratum, never mind that they are always

complaining that they are not powerful and influential enough—who are the social "headquarters" of pro-abortionism, as of liberal attitudes in general, in this country. Anti-abortionism is, numerically speaking, concentrated further down the social ladder. Let us not shirk the facts: advocacy of abortion is typically found among people who are, by most indices, more enlightened than the average man; opposition, among those nearer the average in income, education, life-style, and all the mannerisms of the working and lower middle classes.

TO PUT IT a little differently, opposing abortion is now, in strictly worldly terms, *bad manners*, a sign of inferior breeding (vis-à-vis others in the abortion debate). That is not to deny that it is permissible. But note this, that it is one of those issues on which there is a more, and a less, *respectable* side: and that if you take the less respectable, you are expected to take your stand defensively, apologetically, deferentially—not in the sense of abjectly, but at least with consciousness that the weight of enlightened opinion is against you, and with gestures demonstrating that you know it, and are not ignorant of what the enlightened consensus is. Otherwise you look like a fool. (To take a parallel, if bizarre, example: suppose you counted on your fingers and discovered that two and two actually made five. If you wanted to persuade the public, you could not merely *announce* that two and two made five, and leave it at that. You would have to begin by saying the equivalent of "I know this sounds crazy—I wouldn't have believed it myself—but . . ." Having thus anticipated the normal reaction to your position, you would be in a better position to get people to count their own fingers.) The rhetorical principle is this: you cannot persuasively dissent from the consensus unless you first demonstrate your awareness of—and also, preferably, your respect for—that consensus in its present form; otherwise your own opinion will be thought to issue from perverseness or naïveté.

In other words, there is such a thing as what Peter

Mr. Sobran's article was originally commissioned by The Human Life Review, the scholarly anti-abortion, anti-euthanasia quarterly.

Berger and Thomas Luckmann call "the social construction of reality," a body of commonly accepted and more or less "official" truths. Society would be impossible without such a system. The burden of proof is always, therefore, on the dissenter to prove not only that he is right, but also that he has due regard for the social order. A heretic does more than err: he shows a want of social deference. This notion is uncongenial to rationalists who conceive of men as intellectual Robinson Crusoes, and abhorrent to liberals who think society ought to consist of nothing but bold heretics; but it is true anyway. Most of our ideas are, to borrow a phrase of Samuel Johnson's, "not propagated by reason, but caught by contagion."

NOW ALL THIS is only dimly realized by most people. In fact it is widely supposed that the opposite is the case. We tend to think that ideas are current because they are true, when they are often thought true merely because they are current: current, that is, among *socially authoritative people*, "right-thinking," "enlightened" people. In some cases (e.g., the physical sciences) it is probable that what the experts tell us is true, or at least the best guess available. That is so because in these disciplines it is relatively easy to determine who is, and who is not, an expert. It is different, of course, in the humanities, where there are abysses between rival schools of thought. Nonetheless, though both of two rival schools cannot be equally right, they can be equally respectable—and one may gain a derivative respectability by associating himself with one of the major schools, adopting its catch phrases and so forth, even if he cannot defend it rationally.

What I am getting at is simply this: even in a relatively open and tolerant society, where nobody is burned, hanged, or jailed merely for his opinion, there are very definitely social rewards and penalties (rank, ridicule, ostracism, in some cases money) attached to some opinions as against others. Again, this is a painful fact for some people to admit. There is irony in the way political liberals, for instance, like to think of themselves as having forged their views independently, each in the fiery furnace of his own intellect, when any outsider is struck by the way they all sound alike; and a further irony in the way each of them supposes that his fellow liberals share his views, and even express them in the same phrases, simply because they are all as independent-minded as he.

Pro-abortionists tend to be people of generally liberal attitudes, because pro-abortionism meshes comfortably with a number of other liberal views, which I will discuss later. For the moment, I merely note that pro-abortionists have found ways of subtly pulling rank in the abortion discussion. The most explicit example I know of was a column by Harriet Van Horne, in which she charged that anti-abortionists were hypocritical in their defense of prenatal life, because most of them supported the Vietnam War; she reasoned (if that is the word for it) that they were therefore an obviously atavistic class of people. This is an odd line of argument, coming from people who regard class distinctions as inherently invidious, and ideas as having the right to be taken on their merits—to say nothing of their views on guilt by association.

I find it odd that anti-abortionists have not seen all this more clearly, when they might have taken advantage of

it. If anti-abortionism is a class attitude, then so is pro-abortionism. Yet anti-abortionists have tried to argue their case strictly on its merits, without taking advantage of any of the auxiliary rhetorical tactics the pro-abortionists have exploited so skillfully. The reason the advocates of abortion have been so successful is not so much the way they have characterized their opponents as the fact that they have characterized them at all. To suggest that abortion foes are mostly Catholics is to enlist a certain amount of anti-Catholic feeling, it is true, but it also has a more generalized effect: it suggests that opposition to abortion can be dismissed, explained away, accounted for as a state of mind confined to people of a peculiar background (it hardly matters what that background is), whose arguments can be safely ignored. Even more important—and here is the really crucial point—this whole way of depicting the anti-abortion side, while not obviously invidious, promotes the impression that "normal" people—rational people, people without sectarian hangups or superstitions—just naturally tend to favor abortion.

To favor abortion? No. To favor *tolerating* abortion. Corner the pro-abortionist (as I have persisted in calling him), and you get a statement something like this: "I neither endorse nor condemn abortion as such. That would be simplistic and presumptuous, when it is a complex and sensitive issue that every woman must confront for herself, in accordance with her own deepest values. Far be it from me to impose my personal views," etc. And here is the self-portrait of the abortion advocate, as it has been allowed by his opponents, who have been too civil to attack him or even to call into question his delineation of his own finer qualities.

If anti-abortionism is a class attitude, then so is pro-abortionism. Yet anti-abortionists have tried to argue their case strictly on its merits

In forbearing uncharitable attacks, the anti-abortionists have been praiseworthy. But in forbearing criticism, especially of the kind that deflates large claims and pretentious self-images, they have neglected a key strategic opportunity. For the surest way to discredit the pro-abortion movement requires nothing in the way of vilification; in fact, abuse would be self-defeating. What *is* effective is to *place* the opposition, to *localize* it, to point out that its own slogans are not emanations of pure reason, but rather proceed from a specific—and, in its own way, provincial—set of presuppositions which are themselves controversial. Controversial in the abstract, that is: for the habit of social deference toward the intellectual classes has allowed these notions to go almost unchallenged and, in time, unnoticed.

The first thing to remark is that abortion has long been regarded with horror. The very word "abortionist" was a byword for the vilest specimen of humanity, the man who capitalized on the misery of young women by killing the innocent within their bodies. One would think that there had been some violent revolution in the realm of sentiments when such a function came to be thought of as

beneficial, and was assigned to men not only legally authorized to perform it, but socially prestigious for doing so. In fact, however, the reversal on abortion appeared a natural extension of already existing tendencies, and appeared so even to those who hated it.

What are these tendencies? They issue from a concerted attempt to reform the world in accordance with a perception of man's nature that has become the orthodoxy of Western intellectuals. It has no explicit creed, though it has many slogans and platitudes. Those who hold this view of things would, in many cases, resist putting it into words, because the moment you do, it appears base and shameful. Still, that need not deter us from attempting to analyze it. For, as Bernard Shaw said, what a man believes may be ascertained, not from his creed, but from the assumptions on which he habitually acts.

They tell us that the question of when life begins is a "religious" question. It is not, of course; biological science is not a legacy of the Buddha or the popes

Abortionism, then, is part of an integral world-view that sees man as an animal; an animal whose destiny is a life of pleasure and comfort. Those who view things in this light tend to believe that this destiny can be achieved by means of enlightened governmental direction in removing (and discrediting) old taboos, and in establishing a new economic order wherein wealth will be distributed more evenly. It is interesting to note that they describe such a redistribution as being "more equitable," because that suggests that they ascribe inequalities of wealth to differences in circumstances rather than ambition, intelligence, fortitude, or any of the myriad other moral virtues that may lead to fortune: they do not understand production as the result of human effort and providence, and want to locate it either in the machine or in the laborer who executes the mechanical function. It is interesting to note, too, as a percipient friend of mine has lately done, that they never deride or censure human behavior as "bestial" or "animal," because they see man himself as an animal in essence, and cannot be indignant about behavior proper to an animal. They are indignant about suffering, which is to say animal suffering—pain, hunger, physical discomfort, and the frustration of animal appetites in general; and they speak of the cruelty or indifference that causes such misery, whether in animals or in humans, as "inhuman."

This is a morally passive view of man. Although it asserts the obligation of those who are well off to share their abundance with the "less fortunate," they can never make demands of the less fortunate themselves; and, indeed, are quick to ascribe the misbehavior of those they see as victims to victimization itself. If the poor rob, it is because they are, through no fault of their own (but most assuredly through *somebody's* fault), desperately needy. Never mind that crime rates increase along with the general prosperity, or that the truly needy—heads of poor households—commit relatively few of the armed robberies, most being perpetrated by young, single men. If the poor breed indis-

criminate, it is because they have been "denied" (by whom?) proper sex education and adequate birth control facilities, and can't afford a decent abortion.

People who hold this view of things are broadly what we term "liberals," and it is characteristic of them to invoke the poor early in any public discussion. And what it is vital to notice is, not only do they not hold the poor responsible for their poverty (which might be excusable as a charitable presumption), but they cannot bring themselves to hold the poor responsible for anything else either. As James Burnham has penetratingly put it, the liberal feels himself morally disarmed before anyone he regards as less well off than himself. Our public manners now make it appear a sign of priggishness bordering on "inhumanity" (or at least amounting to "insensitivity") to blame the poor for their imperfections. The middle-class virtues are assumed to blossom spontaneously under the right material conditions; progress comes inevitably, so long as there are not reactionaries "impeding" it; "new" and "change" are terms of approbation, for time itself ushers in improvements and progress is not a human achievement (except in the realm of government), but a self-propelling process. One establishes one's moral credentials by publicly exhibiting compassion for the poor, and indignation at their plight. It is safer to attack motherhood than to question the claims of (or claims in the name of) the poor; especially if motherhood can be shown to be somehow detrimental to the poor.

That, in fact, is approximately the position of pro-abortionists. If pleasure is man's destiny, it is his right. Nobody should have to endure any avoidable hardship, not even if he brings it on himself. Parenthood, when it comes unlooked for, is cruel and unusual punishment, and people who fornicate no more deserve to be assigned its duties than a man who kills somebody deserves to be hanged. Man is good, and pleasure is innocent. Birth control is therefore more than a convenience; it is a fundamental human right. For sexual ecstasy, with no strings attached, is our birthright. There is no special virtue in restraint; restraint is "repression." Nor is there anything sacred about monogamy or the family; these indeed are often "barriers" to full self-expression, self-fulfillment, self-discovery, self, period. Role "stereotypes" similarly impede the natural development that would occur if we indulged ourselves unstintingly. What is wrong with homosexuality? lesbianism? group sex? serial polygamy? incest? Nothing is wrong with them. Sample every exotic delicacy on the sensual smorgasbord. Sex is free.

HOW CRUEL, then, that some people—quite a few, really—should get stuck with the bill, when there isn't supposed to be any bill. In such cases what we want is some form of retroactive birth control. Abortion.

This whole view is sentimentalism, and it sentimentalizes abortion. Pro-abortionists seldom take the view that deliberately killing human beings can be justified. Abortion, of course, has to be presented as something else. They tell us that the question of when life begins is a "religious" question. It is not, of course; biological science is not a legacy of the Buddha or the popes. It is a scientific question, and it has received an answer: at conception. The question when it is permissible to *take* life is of course an ethical

question, as such of interest to more than just religious people.

Pro-abortionists as a rule cannot even bring themselves to use the word "kill." The embryonic child may be growing and taking form, but he is evidently not alive. I recently read Planned Parenthood's handbook on abortion, combining information and pro-abortion propaganda ("written with unusual insight and compassion," according to a *Time* reviewer cited on the paper cover), in which the word "kill" occurred twice: once to mention how pregnant women used to kill themselves in the dark ages before the Supreme Court spoke, and again in describing the operation of contraceptives that kill sperm (before they cause mischief). Not once was it used with reference to the child in the womb (the "fetus," of course). Instead there were the Orwellian evasions: "terminating a pregnancy," "termination of potential life," and so forth. You can kill yourself, you see, and you can kill a little tiny sperm; you can kill an elephant, and you can kill a bacterium; we even speak of killing cancerous cells. But you can't kill a fetus. You can only "terminate" it.

One exception to my generality is a philosopher named Michael Tooley, who uses the word "kill" forthrightly in his advocacy of abortion. He is not much help to his fellow pro-abortionists, however, inasmuch as he also favors infanticide, and for the same reasons for which he favors abortion.

Abortionism, then, is best seen—and rhetorically portrayed—as a tentacle of those secularist and anti-traditional creeds that are usually grouped together under the (in-

adequate) heading "liberalism," which affirms the claims of man's animal nature against the kind of restraints and responsibilities inherent in his distinctive humanity. Discrediting it requires at least two main lines of attack. First, abortion foes must point out that abortionism is indeed an "ism," a creed quite as specific and aggressive as any creed its proponents denounce, demanding not only tolerance but legitimization, complete with tax dollars to pay for human death. Its local habitation must be pointed out, and it should be given its own name, preferably a non-opprobrious and convenient label that may be used by people who do not necessarily oppose abortion (e.g., newsmen).

Second, and more important, perhaps, the public must be encouraged to see clearly what most of them dimly and confusedly believe already: that a healthy society, however tolerant at the margins, must be based on the perception that sex is essentially procreative, with its proper locus in a loving family. This is not a sentimentalized view but a rigorous and realistic one, because love must be sustained by the will, with charity, patience, fidelity, devotion; a marriage vow is not a prediction that the flames will never die down, but a mutual consecration which humanizes sexuality by absorbing it, in the solemnest way, into the system of social responsibility. It is based on the most fundamental sexual truth of all, yet one that requires a little courage to reaffirm in our day: that the purpose of sex is not fun—it is life. And this truth, harsh as it will sound to many, means that those who employ sexuality in frivolous ways may not demand that somebody else take the consequences of their doing so. □

Proverbs of Detente

The subjoined manuscript was found, evidently blown by an east wind, at a point which I am not at liberty to specify on the thick array of barbed wire through which the free movement of people and ideas is now expected to pass. The original is in English; and the unknown author seems to have a firm grasp not only of our language but also of our attitudes.

—ROBERT CONQUEST

The road to Helsinki is paved with good intentions.
A leopard changes its spots on request.
Words speak louder than actions.
Screw you, Czech, I'm all right.
Of course the emperor is clothed: his tailor should know.
Speak softly and throw away your stick.
A wise man and his wheat are soon parted.
There's none born any minute.
Put not your trust in principles.
Send not to know for whom the bell tolls: it tolls for someone else.
I am not my brother's keeper: the Serbsky Institute provides one.
How do I know who killed Cock Rabinovich?
One cuckoo makes a summer.
A man who smiles and smiles can't be a villain.
Robbery is fair exchange.
We do no dissemblin', say the bells of the Kremlin.

Suppress the truth and shame the devil.
And a smile on the face of the young lady of Riga, too!
(That's an internal affair, anyway.)
The fox doesn't want my grapes.
Don't look a Trojan horse in the mouth.
Once bitten, never shy.
The devil became a monk in all good faith.
Don't refuse any wooden kopeks.
Sure I'll come into your den. Bones? What bones?
Guns and tanks can't break my ranks so long as words don't hurt me.
But that was in another country, and besides, the democracy is dead.
The man who ups and runs away needn't fight another day.
Like a lamb to the Kremlin banquet.
The price of liberty is eternal somnolence.
Sheep's clothing makes the sheep.
Exit, accompanied by a bear.

Trudeau Tries Wage and Price Controls

*When you're hot you're hot,
and when you're not you're not.
Trudeau's—and Canada's—
luck seems to be changing,
for the worse*

DONALD COXE

PIERRE TRUDEAU, it is said, catapulted to success on the Canadian political scene "like a stone through a stained-glass window." Near-mystical good fortune has attended him ever since. It took years for his inflationary policies to put Canada into a trade deficit, partly because the country's strong position in oil and gas insulated it against OPEC prices, but also because crop failures abroad changed the prairie wheat surpluses from liability to precious asset. When it looked as if his government would finally fall, he was spared because his Tory opponents fought a divisive election with the leadership advocating wage and price controls. On two Christmases during his tenure his wife gave birth to sons.

It was thus appropriate that Trudeau should choose Canada's Thanksgiving Day to announce on national television a program of controls even more stringent than the Tories had advanced 18 months earlier. In sepulchral tones, he warned that unless Canadians accept his program, economic disaster will ensue. What is now apparent is that his program, which had obtained the support earlier that day of all provincial premiers, is only part of the most massive assault on the private sector in Canadian history.

Under the federal program, all companies having 500 or more employees (and all construction companies with twenty or more employees), are subject to price and wage controls. Wages and fringe benefits are "restrained" annually to an increase of 8 to 10 per cent; prices can be increased only where "justifiable," and that means that profit margins cannot exceed 95 per cent of a five-year average. Federal employees and those working for government-owned businesses like Air Canada are also subject to the guidelines. Collective bargaining agreements already in effect are exempted, and certain other employee groups can gain exemption by applying to a new Anti-Inflation Board. Oil and gas prices are set by federal-provincial agreements, so they are unaffected by the new rules. Metal

producers, who sell largely to export markets at world prices, will become subject to a two-price system: Canadian prices will be subject to controls, and export profits arising when metal prices recover from the existing recession levels will be subject to confiscatory taxation.

The provinces are supporting the plan in varying ways. Socialist British Columbia has passed a total across-the-board price freeze, which is to hold until the provincial election next month. The minority Tory government in Ontario has gone on a spree, putting all government and municipal employees under the federal board, freezing professional fees and rents, and even setting up review boards with the power to roll back rents. Changes in the new tenant act in Ontario will make eviction of even non-paying tenants an infinitely complex procedure. In socialist Saskatchewan, the government is freezing wages, fees, rents, and prices. It is also nationalizing the billion-dollar potash industry, which means that potash will be exempt from the federal tax on export profits. All across Canada, laws, regulations, boards, and tribunals are sprouting like mushrooms after a summer rain.

Why?

Inflation Latin-Style

Everyone agreed that Trudeau had to do something, because Trudeau's good luck had run out. The resignation of respected Finance Minister John Turner in September was a sign that the crisis was at hand. During the Trudeau era, federal expenditures have grown 500 per cent, funded by a supine central bank that permitted annual money-supply growth rates in excess of 20 per cent. Since almost all government employees had been given the right to strike, wage demands and set-

(Continues on page 48)

Mr. Cox, an insurance executive in Toronto, is NR's Canadian correspondent.

DEMOCRATS

The Politics of Giving 'Em Hell

DANIEL OLIVER

FOUR DEMOCRATS in search of their party's presidential nomination, and the wife of a fifth, came to New York City in November and spoke to the Lexington Democratic Club about the quality of leadership needed in the post-Watergate era. The fire-breathing hopefuls were Representative Morris Udall of Arizona, Governor Milton Shapp of Pennsylvania, former Governor Terry Sanford of North Carolina, Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana, and Ladonna Harris, wife of the former senator from Oklahoma Fred Harris.

In spite of their angry rhetoric, they were not an exciting bunch. They worked over the ideas and slogans that, in practice, have brought New York to its knees as a supplicant to—those same people with their same ideas. It's not just the dollars that go back and forth between the states and Washington.

Their policies were bad enough—federalize welfare, bail out New York, cut defense, spank the oil companies and other monopolistic industries. But the demagoguery—oh, lordy. Herewith a few examples from four candidates, one of whom might actually be President come January 1977.

Morris Udall: "It's a sad day for New York. You are victims. Yes, there's been some mismanagement in New York, I suppose. But I thought there was mismanagement in Saigon. Ford wanted to give them, not a loan, but an outright gift of \$700 million."

Now Mr. Udall might be understood as saying that a) our foreign policy goals when giving aid are identical to our domestic policy goals when giving aid; and that either b) it should be our policy to give aid to mismanaged operations like Saigon and New York, or c) it should not be our policy, but that at any rate d) we should be consistent, treating New York and Saigon alike.

Now as a matter of fact, Mr. Udall voted against the bill giving "humanitarian"

aid to Saigon in its last hours; but he favors giving aid to New York. How to explain the inconsistency? Only by saying foreign policy and domestic policy are not readily equatable—but in that case how to justify mentioning them in the same breath to the Lexington Democrats? Distract 'em here, hit 'em there—this from a man who said what America needs is a "man of courage and consistency." Mo Udall.

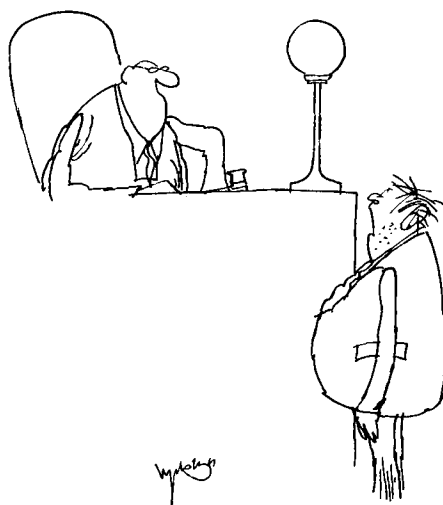
Now listen to Governor Milton Shapp. After the standard spiel about the need for the Federal Government to guarantee New York's bonds because otherwise the quality of life all over the country will suffer, he says: Ford, after all, can start the printing presses to cover his mistakes; but Beame cannot.

Tiens! What is the point being made here? That excessive federal spending is a) a mistake, and b) Ford's mistake, which he covers (over continuing objections from Milton Shapp and other Democrats) by running the money presses? Ford, the veto-king of American history? C'mon. Sure, his budget and his deficit are unacceptable to—Ronald Reagan. But since when has an

enthusiasm for spending and printing been a sin in the eyes of Mr. Shapp and his colleagues? What is Mr. Shapp talking about?—the man who started his speech by telling the Lexington Democrats it was "time to put aside financial myths."

But wait. Here comes Terry Sanford's Southern charm. He says what we could use in this . . . time . . . of . . . crisis in New York is: "political courage and leadership." (He's been peeking at Mo Udall's notes.) But is America ready? Sanford: "If Ford, as he sat in the White House figuring out how to pardon Richard Nixon, had sat last Sunday in the White House figuring out how to save New York City . . ." then—then the sun would shine and the birds would sing. What, oh what, one asks, is the conceivable relevance to New York City of Ford's sitting in the White House contemplating the pardon of Richard Nixon, except—except absolutely nothing. That, one supposes, is an example of the "fresh thinking," "new thinking," "creative thinking," Sanford says (repeatedly) the country needs—and he, presumably, offers.

Mrs. Harris, who appeared on behalf of her husband, said what we need is a graduated income tax, rather than graduated loopholes. As if the one hadn't come into existence because of and along with the other. And clearly she lacks awareness of America's most important loophole: the deduction for mortgage interest which—yes, Ladonna—is also a graduated loophole.



LAST COMES Senator Birch Bayh, who says things like "we should not invest in the economy of death, but in the economy of making life better." And then Bayh says, with an insensitivity all the more startling for its following the forced evacuation of Phnom Penh, "we should stop supplying dictators with arms, thus preventing people of other nations from solving their own problems." Thesis: Gunpoint marches of millions of Cambodians out of the cities into the country, with attendant deaths in the hundreds of thousands, is an indigenous Cambodian solution to an indigenous Cambodian problem; a solution which their dictator and our money spent years in preventing—a kind of effort, whether involving Asian Buddhists, European Christians, or Le-

(Continues on page 49)

Mr. Oliver writes the "At Home" column in the NR Bulletin.

"How can I plead guilty to a heinous offense, I don't even know what it means!"

HEW May Get You Too

IN BOSTON, a federal grand jury has indicted two schoolmen for theft of federal funds—a professor of education at the University of Massachusetts and a Worcester public school administrator. Other indictments may follow, and not in Massachusetts alone. The director of investigation and security for the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare somewhat ominously mentions that similar “incidents” of theft and fraud, at the expense of HEW, have occurred at universities and colleges in Chicago, Atlanta, Dallas, and Los Angeles.

The Boston indictments are for the relatively petty purloining of some \$29,000, expended in part upon a junket to Puerto Rico by these scholars and their boon companions. But the total sums stolen or wasted at the University of Massachusetts alone are vastly greater. Dr. Robert Wood, president of the University of Massachusetts, in the beginning appeared to be about as eager to open this can of worms as President Nixon had been to seek out the Watergate burglars. But the *Daily Hampshire Gazette*, at Northampton, began publishing more than a year ago a series of courageous and accurate articles about the scandalous doings in the University’s “innovating” School of Education. By February of this year, President Wood was informing the University’s Senate that perhaps \$2.4 million in federal grants might have been misused at his university, through “misfeasance, malfeasance, and nonfeasance.”

The U of M’s School of Education, headed during this corrupt era by one Dr. Dwight Allen (who has since retreated to Lesotho, in southern Africa), was proud of its remarkable range of programs nobody had ever imagined before; also proud of wheeling \$15 million out of Uncle Sam. Dean Allen declared a few months ago:

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

“I didn’t worry when things were falling between the cracks. But obviously there were some cracks that turned out to be larger than anticipated.” President Wood did not fret about cracks, either, during nearly the whole of the seven-year Allen regime: in 1971, Dr. Wood told the University of Massachusetts faculty, “The recent advances in the School of Education are undeniably ones of superb innovation and basic wholesomeness.”

But that School of Education, despite some honest professors within it, was worse than a thieves’ kitchen: it was a degree-mill. During the seven years of Allen’s deanship, the School granted 517 doctorates—26 per cent of the total number of doctorates awarded by the University of Massachusetts since that state university was founded. It was not difficult to obtain a doctorate after one year of “study” and attendance at few or no classes, even though the doctoral candidate possessed only an undistinguished bachelor’s degree.

TAKE THE case of the assistant professor of education recently indicted for theft by that Boston grand jury: one Mr. (or “Dr.”) Cleo H. Abraham. The indicted Mr. Abraham managed to obtain a University of Massachusetts doctorate in 15 months—meanwhile being paid an annual salary of \$12,000 as a full-time lecturer and registering in five courses. As soon as he was elevated to the doctoral dignity, Abraham was appointed a graduate faculty member, and within 12 months was made chairman of four doctoral-dissertation committees. Two years after styling himself Dr., he was handling a full million dollars in federal grants; his salary as assistant professor was \$19,000; but he allegedly found that niggardly, for the grand jury charged him with two counts of conspiring “to steal, purloin, and convert . . . things of value from the Federal Government.”

A principal defender of the Allen regime at this curious School of Education was the University’s provost, Dr. Robert Gluckstern—the very gentleman appointed by the University to investigate rumors of strangeness at the

School of Education. Provost Gluckstern’s son Steven received a doctorate from that School without being registered in any of the School’s courses, as a reward for “participating in alternative schools”; he passed directly from Bachelor of Arts to Doctor of Education. Another of the Provost’s relatives obtained such a doctorate, and the Provost’s spouse was paid a salary by the School of Education.

Curiouser and curiouser? Why, I’ve told you next to nothing yet, friends; I’ve reams of reports at my elbow. Oh, they’re not all bad; the School was kind to “minority” applicants seeking doctorates—especially if the “minority” representatives were powerful and affluent.

AMONG the doctoral candidates at the Amherst campus were such grantees as Mr. Bill Cosby, comedian, and Mr. Jesse Jackson, the zealot for civil rights in Chicago. Some such were recruited “to add unusual variety.” Mr. Cosby, though innocent of a bachelor’s degree, was awarded plenty of credits for his work in television; late last year, he began to work on his dissertation—which is to be a television program. Mr. Jackson registered in 1972 for four courses as a doctoral student but seems to have dropped out: it’s wearisome commuting from Chicago to Amherst.

While these generous endeavors to elevate the culturally deprived were in progress, at least \$2.4 million in federal funds appears to have slipped through the cracks. Former Dean Allen says that happens easily, because HEW requirements are lax. And if one aspires to become the Napoleon of “innovative education,” why worry about other people’s money?

HEW’s money was the root of many evils in the School of Education, clearly, and has done immense mischief to educational quality and to professional integrity on hundreds of American campuses. And now, having taken King HEW’s shilling—or stolen it, perhaps—various administrators and professors may be put into the hoosegow. I think it a pity that some of them can’t be installed in chairs of applied electricity. □

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The Holy Family

IN COMMUNICATING with human beings, God rarely uses words to instruct, seldom sends a messenger-angel to invite assent, is extremely parsimonious with visions and revelations about truths we must never muddy in our own minds. Instead, God speaks to us through events, lacing those events with invitations, and mirroring within our human situations visions of the beauty we should seek, of the ugliness we should avoid, and of our lifelong need to give supernatural value to what is, after all, a transient existence.

Each year, at Christmas, we celebrate the event of the birth of Jesus; and, although we focus on it less, God's most specific commentary on one of our basic social institutions is also the object of our celebration. For God, Who could have chosen to come among us in many other ways, chose specifically to be born into a family. Jesus as a child is wholly unintelligible without His mother, Mary, and His foster father, Joseph. They, in turn, are merely vacuous images without their child. We cannot think of one of those three people without remembering the other two.

We are a generation desperate for answers, divine answers, as we agonize over problems that certainly never tortured our forebears as intensely as they torture us—women's rights, male chauvinism, wife's identity, husband's dominance, sexuality, mother's obligations, married love, child rearing, dependence versus independence, the value of the family. As a family, Joseph, Mary, and Jesus are God's revelation of truths we often forget. For, together, they constitute a paradigm of human interdependence.

Given God's choice to be conceived and born, all God needed was a woman, her womb for carrying, her breasts for milk, her hands for caring, her heart for loving and remembering. Christmas is a yearly reminder to those

Out of This World

MALACHI B. MARTIN

who would reject the traditional honor Mary always received from Christmas. "Do you seek the Son? You will find Him with His mother" is a Christian adage older by centuries than most Christian churches.

Simultaneously, Mary is the paragon of wifedom, truly wedded to Joseph, truly the woman of his heart, subject to all a wife's obligations except those that her motherhood of Jesus excluded. And she is the paragon of motherhood. For nine months she carried her Son, a person from the moment of His conception and not just from the moment He was capable of "communicating" or was "viable"—a term many of us use so glibly today in discussing human fetuses. God chose for a time to be not merely dependent but helpless. And throughout that time, Mary was the embodiment of love; she was not exploited, but dependable and depended on.

Joseph, in his turn, depended totally on Mary and Jesus. Apart from them, he would have been no more than any other Galilean carpenter, a profile in insignificance. But even as we recognize his dependence on Mary and Jesus, we cannot take Joseph as a model for Prosper Mérimée's cynical remark that "whereas woman is valuable at all times, man at best can only be useful—at times." Joseph was not there merely to "save" a ticklish situation. Truly husband, Joseph had to be father for a child he had not procreated. Truly man, he had to cherish and hold dear a woman he loved, surely, but whom he could not touch. Truly paternal, he had to rear and educate a child who was also his God. In the supreme reality of faith, Joseph is a towering figure rivaled in stature only by one other man, John the Baptist, whom Jesus later described as "the greatest of all men born."

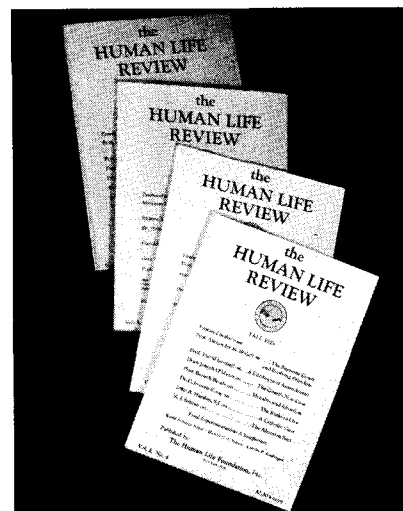
Together, this husband and wife illustrate a series of truths that run counter to popular views, but which many of us nevertheless discover the hard way: that the burning core of married love is only guaranteed by spirit; that the essence of human love is celebration, not copulation; that sexuality is meant to be a unique vehicle of this love but does not necessarily lead to that celebration; and that the ecstasy of love is not really orgasm but, supremely, possession of

another human being by whom we in turn are possessed in the freedom of a sustained and renewed commitment. Joseph and Mary would not have fulfilled God's supreme will if they had refused their commitment to form a family for reasons like those we moderns offer so easily: "physical immaturity" at the time of an early marriage, infertility or impotence, failure to please, or simply "doing our thing."

This message of Christmas clashes with the deadening myth of sociologists who preach that the family was invented only to protect puerperal females and other helpless animals of the species like infants and old people, in one primitive period of history; but that now, in the brave new world, the family is unnecessary. And the event we celebrate each December warns of the disappointment and human misery lurking behind the notion that equality is a magic passport to an enchanted land studded with fulfillment trees and identity bushes, where no commitments are made; where love is orgasm and sex is entertainment; where everyone is finally separate and alone, and the only bond is personal convenience and fleeting desire. The three at Bethlehem compose a family where no one is equal or unequal but all belong to a trinity of trust, and the baby is a silken thread softly reflecting divinity's light in the fabric of what is often a very coarse universe.

THE CHILD's dependence on Joseph and Mary is obvious. More subtle is His chosen dependence as God on our acceptance of a mode of knowing Him and His will which can so easily be derided as childish in terms of human logic and "rational" inquiry. "Tell me," wrote Marcion in the second century, "that God created the heavens and the earth, and that He knows the secrets of universal wisdom. But take away this mewling infant sucking at a woman's nipple. This cannot be God." Without faith, we can never believe we are loved. And, without the knowledge only spirit confers, we can never be thankful at Christmas for the gift conferred upon us all the day that Jesus was born, when some deep loneliness of our race was ended and the poverty of our landscape was imparadised with his cry. □

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Arts & Manners

ARCHITECTURE

RUTH BERENSON

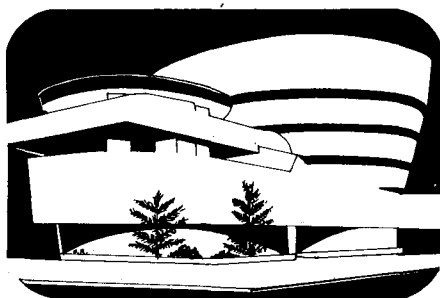
When More Is More

There is something wonderfully ironical in the spectacle of the Museum of Modern Art, whose reputation is based on its championship of the new and extreme, taking New Yorkers back to Methuselah with a major exhibition devoted to modernism's arch-enemy, the Ecole des Beaux Arts, headquarters of French architectural education and practice from the 1780s to around 1900. True, in recent years the artistic avant garde seems to have run out of steam, at least for the time being, so that museums and galleries everywhere have been replacing their customary presentations of the new with rediscoveries of the hitherto disregarded past, especially in the fields of nineteenth-century academicism.

Still, at least to a layman, it seemed as if the Ecole des Beaux Arts—whose stranglehold on architects was broken in the early twentieth century by the innovators of Art Nouveau, and which was finally done in by the machine aesthetic of Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, the Bauhaus, and MOMA itself—would rest in peace on history's dust heap. Whatever their individual idiosyncrasies, today's architects all take for granted the dicta of modernism—"Form Follows Function" and "Less Is More." What possible relevance, then, could the bombastic buildings of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, with their insistent symmetry, their wasteful squandering of space, their ever-exuberant ornament, their relentless use of styles and motifs from the past, have for the 1970s?

According to the Museum of Modern Art, perhaps a lot. Certainly Beaux-Arts buildings have attracted new admirers in recent years, in part because

of the depressing uniformity that has resulted from doctrinaire adherence to Bauhaus tenets, testified to by the look-alikeness of glass-sheathed skyscrapers from Hong Kong to Houston, Berlin to Birmingham. Whatever one's opinion of the nineteenth-century railroad stations, warehouses, factories, and mansions (many of them designed by Beaux-Arts alumni) cherished by the sometimes over-enthusiastic zealots of the "Historic Preservation" movement, one must admit that they are more strongly individual, more visually exciting than most of their present-day



counterparts. Among contemporary architects only the late Louis Kahn was able to endow his buildings (those for the Pakistani government at Dacca, for instance) with monumentality and spatial elegance—and Kahn himself admitted that many of his ideas originated in Beaux-Arts practice. Thus MOMA's show seems to be very timely.

It consists largely of two hundred huge ink-and-wash drawings, some in black, some brilliantly colored, done by Beaux-Arts students competing for government prizes (among them, the Prix de Rome) during the Ecole's long dominance. None has ever been shown publicly; until they were unearthed from the Beaux Arts' cellars by Arthur Drexler, MOMA's director of architecture and design, they had not been unrolled since they were first submitted. They are dazzling; it is safe to say that no living architect could approach their technical perfection. Moreover, their bold inventiveness is

quite at variance with what we might have expected.

For one thing, they mostly lack the revivalist eclecticism commonly thought of as a Beaux-Arts hallmark. These visionary buildings (none was ever built) are extravagant, complex, ornate, grandiose—understandably so since most were conceived as large-scale projects: railroad stations, stock exchanges, conservatories, gambling casinos, palaces for kings, mansions for bankers. Not until the end of the century are they mere mechanical reproductions of past styles. Even the so-called archaeological reconstructions required of all students are anything but pedantic. Yet all the projects, throughout the period, conform to the basic principles on which the Ecole based its teaching: 1) composition, with interior spaces corresponding to exterior masses; and 2) planning, the organization of interior spaces and exterior masses around clearly defined central axes. It is these principles that Mr. Drexler urges today's architects to ponder.

TO HELP US understand how they were worked out in actual buildings, we are shown Henri Labrouste's sober yet elegant Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève of 1843, which has long been famous as an early example of the use of cast-iron vaulting but whose refined, almost ascetic handling of interior space is emphasized here; and Charles Garnier's Paris Opéra of 1862 to 1874, whose carefully orchestrated composition, leading from entrance to auditorium in a series of architectural *crescendi*, represents Beaux-Arts architecture at its most effective.

From the 1860s on, nearly all American architects trained at the Beaux Arts; many later set up their own teaching ateliers. Some of our finest buildings, many of them torn down (like New York's Pennsylvania Station) or threatened with destruction (like New York's Grand Central Station) constitute their legacy. The last of them, John Russell Pope's serenely beautiful Jefferson Memorial in Washington, was excoriated as an anachronism when it was finished in 1943; today it has the timelessness of great architecture.

The Ecole des Beaux Arts expired in 1968, a victim of the Paris student riots. No one, and certainly not the Museum of Modern Art, is urging its

resuscitation. But this exhibition, coming when the breathless pursuit of the new has seemingly spent itself, suggests that a probing of the past may well provide an impetus to fruitful innovation. □

OPERA

HARVEY E. PHILLIPS

Two Misses, A Hit

New York this season has been given answers to three very different operatic questions: Can Wagner be sung successfully in English in this polyglot, tradition-bound city? Does Scott Joplin make it on Broadway as a serious composer for the stage? And is the Metropolitan finally replacing its durable (and no less feeble for its longevity) production of *Le Nozze di Figaro* with an effort that does justice to Mozart's greatest comedy?

The answers to those three questions did not come through equally loud, clear—or positive. In fact, only the Met's new *Figaro* can be accounted a relatively unblemished success. The New York City Opera's *Die Meistersinger*, in John Gutman's translation, provides a worthy evening, but it cannot be said that this new production makes much of a case for the smaller of the two major companies' capabilities when the epic forces of Wagner need to be confronted with confidence and style. Certainly, it erases no memories of the Metropolitan's current production, and it will be quite interesting to compare the two at close distance when that *Meistersinger* is revived in the spring.

The narrower issue of Wagner in English for New York is not set straight either. Gutman obviously decided that his paramount duty in the overwhelming task of translating Wagner's own words was always to provide a singable text. This he does, often opting for English that in vowel and

consonant sequence closely resembles the original. He therefore has to sacrifice two kinds of precision: what the poem really says ("vain" unfortunately is not a synonym for "crazy," even if it does have the advantage of sounding something like "*Wahn*") and what the English words really mean. One generally gets the gist of what is intended, but it arrives more fuzzily than a gist should.

At *Die Meistersinger*'s next-to-last appearance in the fall lineup, Julius Rudel conducted a pallid prelude but exercised sufficient, though seldom insightful, control over the rest of the score. Of the singers, John Alexander proved the most satisfactory. His easy, assured vocalism anchored the performance. Eleanor Bergquist's delightfully believable Eva was also an asset, as was James Billings' intelligently detailed Beckmesser. Stage director John Cox does beautifully sensitive things with his artists in monologue and small groupings, but the climactic crowd scenes are, like Carl Toms's scenery and costumes, damagingly unremarkable.

Scott Joplin's *Treemonisha*, which ended its limited local engagement December 14, received the kind of ad-



vance hype that could have sunk a much more viable enterprise. Actually, only about ten minutes of this justly neglected work had to roll by for an audience to realize that to a certain extent it was being had. Joplin's infectious tune-stringing, so evident in the rags that have become astoundingly popular, is sparsely dealt out in this weak amalgam of standard nineteenth-century pseudo-serious music. Add inherent musical poverty to a problematic libretto ("innocent and naive" it is, as one pro-*Treemonisha* critic claimed, but also alienating in its stop-and-go ineptness) and one has the makings of, at best, a puzzling entertainment.

Oh, there are moments. The rousing "Aunt Dinah Has Blowed de Horn" ensemble that closes Act One (it's also drafted to give the "opera" a properly

zesty ending, which "A Real Slow Drag," an equally arresting number, does not quite manage to do) is one, and "We Will Trust You as Our Leader" is another. Certainly the cast at the Palace Theatre made the most of them. Carmen Balthrop, who sang the title role most sweetly, and tenor Curtis Rayam possess standout talents. The production was charming to look at, thanks to the playful sets and costumes of Franco Colavecchia, and the entire company projected spirited and convincing involvement (none of City Opera's glazed-eyed chorus here). Presumably that can be credited to the choreography of Louis Johnson and the enthusiastic stage direction of Frank Corsaro. Much talent expended on an inferior product that, with the half-filled Palace as testimony, could not sail the crest of the Joplin wave.

No such problem bothers the Metropolitan's *Figaro*. The property is sound. Of course, it's more than that. It's a transcendent masterpiece of dramatic contrivance which, when handled simply and wisely, will always exude freshness and warmth. With the skillful stage direction of Günther Rennert very much on Mozart's side, it unquestionably does so now at Lincoln Center. The production (sets and costumes by Robert O'Hearn) is rich, restrained, and handsome, with the Act Three great hall and the Act Four garden being particularly graceful and strikingly integrated with Rennert's directional ideas. If this is in no way an adventuresome *Figaro*, it is a solidly constructed yet still vibrant representation.

The third showing of the season revealed conductor Steuart Bedford reading the score with impulsive ardor (and playing the harpsichord brilliantly for the recitatives). Sometimes pit and stage were not unanimously coordinated, but there seemed no reason to doubt that they finally would be once all elements settled down. More importantly, the cast has hardly a weak member, from Figaro himself down to the two peasant girls. One could imagine improvements here and there, but one never felt cheated. A more limpid-toned, less attitudinizing soprano than Evelyn Lear would add to the Countess' strengths, and Justino Díaz could do with a modicum of wit in his portrayal of the ex-barber of Seville, servant to a Count who, as sung by newcomer Wolf-

Harvey Phillips, a frequent commentator on the music scene, is also an opera stage director. . . . Since leaving college, Edward Vazquez has been an urban renewer and a bartender.

gang Brendel, seems deficient in both suavity and incisiveness.

But Judith Blegen shows herself a born Susanna, Jean Kraft excels as Marcellina, and Andrea Velis turns in one of his best vignettes (with his Act Four aria restored!) as Basilio. The truly extraordinary contribution of this *Figaro*, though, is Frederica von Stade's Cherubino. This young mezzo sings with ravishingly caressing timbre and is utterly convincing as the teenage, lovesick page. No excessive energizing to suggest the confusion of tender years, no fake girl-plays-boy strutting; just precisely studied characterization and a totally successful identification between singing actor and role. Nothing like it on any side of Lincoln Center Plaza has turned up so far this season. □

RIPOFFS

ED VAZQUEZ

Beating the System

I sit in an old Western-style saloon and listen to a couple of criminal conspiracies unfold in the fertile mind of a slight acquaintance, while two cowboys blow each other's brains out with cap guns over by the john. I am celebrating the acquaintance's forthcoming journey, with a friend who knows him well, to the West Coast, and the topic of how fast money is to be made receives ample treatment. The acquaintance is insuring his rather considerable accumulation of baggage for several times its actual worth, and systematically collecting receipts for expensive, non-existent items from friends who work at fancy men's shops. He has already arranged for two cronies to steal his baggage when it is unloaded at the airport where he will land, and spirit it away to a secret hiding place until the insurance company comes up with the money. The heat then being off, so to speak, he can regain possession of the purloined articles and whack up the take with his accomplices.

We ordered another round while the cowboys reloaded, and I bit my tongue when the glasses came back half-filled with foam again, but my scheming acquaintance was not to be thus trifled with, and, in response to his smooth-tongued protest, the barmaid refilled

the mugs. She was rewarded with a dapper smile and she coyly neglected to ring up the round. My companion put a bit more money on the bar: con men understand one another.

The talk continued apace while one cowboy smashed another's face into the player piano, already vibrating loudly to the tune of "Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?"

There were a million scams to be worked, the acquaintance was telling us once more. The electric company and the phone company had yet to catch up with his college bills. All one had to do was to put the phone in a fictitious name and, indeed, you could con Edison.

A cowboy comes over to ask me if I killed his brother and I reply that yes, I did it and I'm glad, I'd do it again, so he pulls out his trusty .44 and blows out my left eardrum, which, after a minute or two, comes back to life by ringing crazily.

Our westward-bound guest is one year out of college, with a degree in political science, and has only his ready wits to thank for not having been sorely buffeted by the system in this cruel year of recession, depression, and inflation. He is not exactly one of the best minds of our generation, but he is a



member of a growing breed: a man who has been fleeced. Four years of college with each summer spent toiling at a serf's job in some awful factory, but all of it worth it because at the end there lay that seat at the head table at the company picnic where you could joke with friends, gobble all the good food quickly, and leave before the riff-raff got out of hand; and suddenly all of that had vanished. What had been promised wasn't delivered, and now there is no reason why he shouldn't take everyone else the way he was taken.

There was a time when I thought it a good and encouraging sign that a col-

lege degree was fast becoming worthless on the marketplace. Now all of those people who came to college so that they wouldn't grow up to be garbagemen could breathe easy and skip the whole dreary charade while those interested in learning needn't be compelled to stuff themselves into the holes that had already been bored. Sort of a blow struck for plurality. In a certification-obsessed society, though, it is a fact that the cheaper and more worthless a certificate becomes, the more absolutely essential it is to have it. A man who cannot obtain even that which is worthless is less than worthless himself. So now the ante has been upped, and the real action is to be had in the professional schools, where the valuable certificates are being sold, and a great many young hipsters who were suckered in with false promises are very angry.

THE COWBOYS are now fighting each other with bare hands and plastic beer bottles, while the barmaid gives us all another free round, and we slide a little more money her way. Our acquaintance is in an expansive mood and he tells us of a college roommate who made \$10,000 in less than two months by printing up phony raffle tickets that he sold at Ivy League college campuses, ostensibly to raise money for needy children in Appalachia. He sent two sexy girls around with an altruistic script sure to evoke guilt in those bastions of privilege. Our acquaintance laughs, savoring the poetic justice of it all, and I think of a gram of cocaine I saw purchased in Key West for \$130 worth of food stamps by a college graduate who had paid less than \$50 for them.

We rise to leave, the barmaid hastily scooping up her generous tip, and the cowboys blast each other to pieces once again for a bored crowd of businessmen and post-high-school-aged kids. "You've got to have a gimmick to make money," says our acquaintance with a knowing smile while he steps over an inert cowboy. "Beat the system before it beats you," he intones.

I drive him to his house and as he steps out of the car he invites me to stop and see him if I should ever make it out that way. I thank him, but think to myself that it's one stop I won't make. It's rather depressing to watch him beat a system he helped create and couldn't live without. □

BOOKS

Inanimate Object from Washington

D. KEITH MANO

Nicholson at Large

By Ward Just

Little, Brown, 276 pp., \$7.95

Q. Okay. Let's start at square one. Can the animal exist? That is: a brilliant and important novel about Washington?

A. Unless you except the Watergate Transcripts—I still think Gore Vidal wrote them—no. Not possible.

Q. Why?

A. Well, where would you get a good "insider" novel about D.C.? From one of two sources. From politicians, who can barely read, let alone write—hell, they need four, five pens just to sign a bill into law. Or from a veteran correspondent.

Q. So? Correspondents can write. At least that's what they're paid for. Ward Just has been a Washington correspondent. The Nicholson in *Nicholson at Large* is a famous correspondent. Why doesn't the novel work?

A. It works. It works very hard. A washing machine works too, but your laundry isn't art. I don't mean to be unfair. Actually *Nicholson at Large* is a useful book. It answers your questions.

Q. How do you mean?

A. All right. What's the correspondent's stock in trade? Events. People. Correct information. Fact. The correspondent can't invent characters. Subjectivity isn't allowed on the premises. Nicholson himself says, "It was complicated because you never knew motive—" The principled correspondent can perceive and report but he can't create. Also, he can't make decisions. He's frustrated. It's an occupational hazard.

Q. Is that why Nicholson quits his magazine—decides, at least momentarily, to take a job in the State Department?

A. You catch on fast. The inept government official can *do* something. A disaster, maybe, but it's something. And he can know his own motives. Remember how Nicholson describes the correspondent. "Think of us as messengers," he says. Now that's a pretty piddling line of work. "I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought, / The wood began to move." Today Macbeth would get the bad news from a UPI stringer. Then exit messenger, exit stringer. A cameo part. Not what you'd call satisfying.

Q. He wants to be responsible.

A. Yes. And fiction is a responsible act. Ideas are committed. Control is exerted. Characters come into being. And there are reviews, good or bad. The novelist is held accountable.

Q. Why don't they succeed, correspondents who write fiction?



A. Because they write about what they know. About Washington. About foreign affairs. Aha, they think, now I can supply motive. Now I'm not interviewing men. I'm making men. Sure. But what are they best at? Facts. And suddenly facts are no longer available.

Q. Why?

A. Libel laws. History. Look, a Washington novel is always chock full

of anonymous people. Got to be. That's why the genre inevitably has an arch, false ring to it. Anonymous Secretaries and Under Secretaries. Anonymous Presidents, for God's sake. Nicholson has covered "the war." What war could it be? Vietnam, of course. Yet damned if I can remember the word Vietnam being used once. Does Just expect to be sued by Thieu or someone? Ché Guevara is mentioned a lot. Presumably Guevara's heirs have no legal recourse. Washington is there, streets and restaurants, but with a shadow government. It doesn't even exist in time. The novel takes place in September of some year A.D. And don't tell me Washington is timeless.

Q. How about the *roman à clef*?

A. Not enough readers have the *clef*, if there is one. I certainly didn't. And who cares anyhow? Politicians, other correspondents might read *Nicholson at Large* for its subtle hints—though in a book that disguises the Vietnam War they'd be pretty darned subtle.

Q. But isn't *Nicholson at Large* really about Nicholson, his family, his love affair?

A. Oh, sure. You can write just so much about faceless Presidents, senators—after a while it sounds like the Constitution. But these so-called real people have come down with the anonymous disease. One of them says, "In Washington it is possible to be unconnected and rootless, an entirely classless human being." Nicholson—and Just makes a point of this—has no personal history beyond his history as a perceiver, recorder. The girlfriend's father wrote novels about Washington. They can love, cry, attend funerals, whatever, but Washington is what makes them significant—at least we are meant to suppose that—and when they talk about it they sound like museum guards. That's probably Just's intent: to point

to Nicholson's empty life as an emblem of inanimate Washington. Or vice versa.

Q. Nicholson decides to write his memoirs.

A. Ward Just should have done the same. But, give him credit, he wanted to take risks. A man writes his autobiography, no critic can say the plot is weak.

Q. Not an important novel then?

A. Couldn't be. But it is instructive. Not only does it show—very clearly—why no Washington novel can be good, it also shows why so many are written.

Q. Thank you, Mr. —

A. No names, please. □

Beyond the Bedroom Wall

By Larry Woiwode

Farrar, 619 pp., \$12.50

NORTH DAKOTA CLASSIC

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Either *Beyond the Bedroom Wall* is a throwback to a literary tradition that has for the past couple of decades been pretty much awash in a flood of novels of a vastly different style, intent, and preoccupation, or it represents the triumphant surfacing of that tradition, vigorous with renewed intent and fat with promise for the future. It is almost shocking, in this year of grace 1975, to pick up a novel whose characters are not Jewish boys masturbating on the Broadway bus, or frenzied college professors jetting from New York's Upper West Side to Chicago to resolve the problems of an intellectual's marriage, or girls abandoned to the swamps of the Third Avenue singles bars. Woiwode's book is a world hewn from the North Dakota sod, decorated with frame houses and peopled with carpenters, high-school superintendents, and Catholics. Its style alternates between the stark, clean functionalism of a cabinetmaker turned literatus, and the refulgent lyricism of a poet whose talent is a Ministry of All the Senses and who thus provides new proof of the fact that a genius for unimpeded multi-sensual association is the font of all fine writing. Woiwode works with the American grain, and he does so with

the sort of serenity of execution that Norman Podhoretz noted in the writing of Edmund Wilson and attributed to Wilson's sense of himself as a man sustained by and at the same time forwarding a richly secure tradition.

Woiwode spectacularly wowed the arbiters and consumers of American letters when his first novel, *What I'm Going to Do, I Think*, won the William Faulkner Award for the best first novel of 1969. In form and technique, that book—the story of a young man losing his stability while honeymooning with his pregnant wife in a lodge in the wilds of Michigan—differs tremendously from his second one. The first is constructed with the elegant precision of a finely tooled rifle: reading it, one smells good oil conscientiously applied and hears the smooth functioning click of splendid parts as the well-developed narrative unfolds. *Beyond the Bedroom Wall* works another technique: it is, in the words of its subtitle, "A Family Album," a procession of diary entries, snapshots, stories, and remembrances irregularly but carefully partitioned into chapters, many of which were published (often in radically different incarnations) in a number of magazines, but most notably *The New Yorker*, over the past 12 years. But in its emotional and intellectual preoccupations, the new novel follows clearly from the first. In *What I'm Going to Do, I Think*, Woiwode explored the psyche of a young man, Chris Van Eenanam, who is unable to contemplate his past, most particularly his family past. In his second novel he rakes, as a beachcomber rakes a beach while the tides run over and back across it, a family that might well have been Chris's.

Beyond the Bedroom Wall is the story of a Plains family, the Neumillers, of German Catholic descent: of the progress of three generations of them as they are born and as they die; as, when children, they lie behind the bedroom wall beyond which "there's nothing but the bedroom curtains, no yard or hedge or houses or countryside, only the shading of a light blue," then later know that "beyond the bedroom wall is Mom and Dad's bedroom, and all of the other rooms around it, and then the yard around that, and beyond the yard is the town and the countryside with its farms and all the other towns of Stusrud County and then the rest of the counties filling in the state,

and beyond North Dakota . . ."; as they learn that there exists "this multifaceted world of multiplying possibility" which will wrench them out of their warm familial context, both in time and space, not writing to each other, but getting by—"and hell, that's the worst part of it, that we get by"—while one Neumiller tries to block out the past because of the realization it brings that a moment is appreciated only retrospectively, and another because of the complex irreducibility of the past and the painful subcutaneous apple-bruises that it bears; until one of the family, overcoming the mystery of the fetus, the fear of the attic, and willing to gamble that language need not threaten the intactness of the identity of the family past, decides to write "a series of multicolored pieces about North Dakota and Illinois . . . each piece complete in itself . . . implying that it's impossible to relate experience or contiguous periods of time in terms of continuity in our time . . . so that an incident from childhood might have more temporal value than ten years of adulthood," and after a month's work upon them in New York realizes that



"he's reconstructing . . . his own reality, artificial or not, and making room for himself to operate within it . . . whereas his past is outside him in a state as natural as the plain . . . and he sees his mother signaling to him from the other side of the book and they reach for

one another across the abyss."

If indeed you can't go home again, it's because your home—your memory, your reality—is yours alone; but it would be truer to say that in trying, for life, to draw together the parts of siblings and parents and grandparents—to make the whole cohere, to make whole what never really was whole—you can in truth never escape it, your home.

Beyond the Bedroom Wall is a profoundly moving book which, if the critics are to be believed, has brought many of those brethren close to tears—a situation that many of them appear to resent and that causes them to speak of "sentimentality." Well, Woiwode is sentimental; but if you would know

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how clever he was in refusing to dress his characters in the full-blown colors of tragedy, you have only to look to the often blowsy and ridiculous excesses of a far less disciplined writer to whom Woiwode is being compared—Thomas Wolfe. There is tragedy in the saga of the generations and in the conflicts in the tiny rotunda of family history. But the artist must suggest this in appropriately scaled terms, which the reader may then expand to proportions consonant with his own memories. That Woidwode knows this is but one of the many attributes that have allowed him to write a novel of the caliber of an American classic. □

George Sand, A Biography

By Curtis Cate

Houghton, 812 pp., \$17.50

FIRST TROUSERED ICONOCLAST

SELDEN RODMAN

At a time when society is attempting to redefine the word Woman it is perhaps inevitable that we be treated to a new biography of that first trousered iconoclast, George Sand. Curtis Cate, in this many-sided portrait, lays to rest some of the more outrageous legends which have grown up around her—nymphomania, frigidity, lesbianism—and treats her not as a simplistic stereotype but as a highly complex, compelling individual.

Feminists, who may find in her life an example for independent action, will, however, be disappointed by Sand's lack of revolutionary thinking. She was, after all, that most womanly of women, a romantic female novelist, a human being trying to cope with the social environment in which she found herself, not concerned with issuing tactics for the future.

Selden Rodman and his wife, *Carole Cleaver*, have just completed a play with musical accompaniment entitled *Hustler of the Gods: Three Acts in the Lives of Richard Wagner and Cosima Liszt*. *George Sand* is one of the characters. . . . **Frederick L. Will** is professor of philosophy at the University of Illinois.

Certainly she aspired to that kind of full partnership which has become one of our society's goals, for as a young girl she wrote: "I might never get married. . . . I won't look for a man capable of becoming a slave to his wife, because he would be an imbecile; but I don't believe that a man of intelligence and wit would want his wife to seem timid and fearful when she was neither one nor the other."

While she envisioned equality, she had no practical political prescription for its attainment. Her sole preoccupation with female rights was to protect a woman's property from the complete control of her husband. This was a problem with which she was personally all too well acquainted. How can a woman exercise political independence, she asked, when she is economically dependent on her husband? Economic change must come first. Apparently she did not realize that economic reforms were unlikely unless women had the political clout to demand them. She never entertained hope for a woman's vote and she actually refused a nomination to high office.

Fleeing from an insensitive husband who had control of her funds, she was forced into the economic role of the male. She wrote long hours each night, turning out book after book, in order to support lovers, children, paupered idealists. But it is difficult to determine the exact quality of this prolific output since none of her books is readily available in this country.

SAND WAS the type of person who is motivated by intense feeling rather than passion, stirred by compassion and romanticism rather than sensuality. A slap from her husband was enough to kill all love for him, as was a cynical remark by de Musset, a bawdiness from Mérimée.

None of her loves could come up to that moment of mystical ecstasy she had experienced in the convent as a girl. She was a victim of what Cate calls "nympholepsy—a frenzied pursuit of ecstatic rapture, a mystic yearning for the unattainably sublime, a desperate craving for the ineffably tender." From man to man she went, always seeking, never finding what her heroine in *Lélia* calls "those complete effusions, that embrace of twin souls."

As a child she had set up an altar to worship Corambe, a pantheistic genderless god of her own devising.

As a woman she made gods of her men—with inevitable disillusion. "Love for me," she wrote, "is a veneration, a cult. And if my god lets himself sink into the dung, it is impossible to lift him up again and admire him."

In a moment of intense insight she could write to her Italian lover, "Do not learn my language. . . . Hide your soul from me that I may find it forever beautiful." Yet she would charge into the next glaring reality, never accepting the fact that illusions were the best things she would ever have. In this there was a mixture of courage and folly. She had eternal faith that the next love would be different. She never learned.

Her politics were as romantically naive as her love life. She was a republican, a social reformer, a Communist. She did not know that power corrupts idealists into despots. She expected revolution without violence; total freedom without anarchy. Her career as propagandist for the revolutionary regime of 1848 ended despairingly in total seclusion at her country estate. The rosy dream had again become a nightmare. □

Pragmatism and the Tragic Sense of Life

By Sidney Hook

Basic, 224 pp., \$12.50

THE ESSENTIAL HOOK: PRAGMATISM DEFENDED

FREDERICK L. WILL

In the title essay and elsewhere in this collection Professor Hook attempts to redress what he considers a serious popular misconception of the character of the philosophy of pragmatism, a philosophy most closely associated with the names of Peirce, James, and Dewey in this country, as well as latterly with that of Hook himself. The misconception in question is that pragmatism is a philosophy of shallow optimism that overestimates the capability of human thought (and action guided by thought) to lead us residents of planet Earth to ever higher and securer levels of knowledge, comfort, and happiness.

On the contrary, Hook argues, it is quite consistent with the central theses

RANDOM NOTES

JANUARY AT DOUBLEDAY: It looks busy. William Buckley essays fiction with a CIA romp set in Britain and dubbed *Saving the Queen* (\$7.95). *A Soldier Reports* in the person of General William C. Westmoreland (\$12.95). *The Complete Works of Saki* sports a posthumous introduction by Noël Coward (\$9.95). Viktor Reimann etches *Goebbels* (\$12.50). Washington Irving's leisurely life of *George Washington* is abridged for less patient readers by Charles Neider (\$9.95). Henry Fairlie, many years U.S. correspondent for the *London Times*, regretfully calls us *The Spoiled Child of the Western World* (\$8.95). And for Doubleday's Anchor imprint, occasional *NR* contributor John Lukacs takes a searching look at *The Last European War* up till America's entry in December 1941 (\$15).

PUBLICATIONS: Every fall, periodicals must file paid-circulation figures for the issue nearest the filing date. Here are the latest, rounded off in thousands: *Atlantic*—331,000; *Barron's*—227,000; *Book Digest*—412,000; *Business Week*—752,000; *Christian Herald*—248,000; *Christianity Today*—106,000; *Commentary*—55,000; *The Critic*—19,000; *Esquire*—1,250,000; *Financial World*—55,000; *Forbes*—628,000; *Harper's*—334,000; *Human Events*—66,000; *Inflation Survival Letter*—45,000;

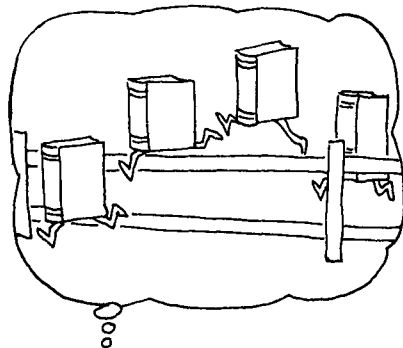
Money—628,000; [MORE]—25,000; *National Observer*—476,000; *NATIONAL REVIEW*—94,000; *National Spotlight* (formerly *Liberty Letter*)—151,000; *The New Guard*—7,000; *The New Republic*—85,000; *Newsweek*—2,946,000; *New York*—367,000; *The New York Review of Books*—91,000; *People*—1,597,000; *Publishers Weekly*—33,000; *Reason*—14,000; *Ripon Forum*—2,000 (well, 2,500); *Saturday Review*—501,000; *Time*—4,403,000; *TV Guide*—18,532,000; *Twin Circle*—63,000; *Variety*—36,000; *The Wanderer*—47,000; *Washington Monthly*—28,000; *Washington Report* (American Security Council)—80,000.

PAPERBACKS: The top five of 1975: Peter Benchley's *Jaws* (9,250,000 copies in print); Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying* (5,000,000); Sidney Sheldon's *The Other Side of Midnight* (3,375,000); Vincent Bugliosi's *Helter Skelter* (2,925,000); James Michener's *Centennial* (2,900,000). . . . Patrick Renshaw recapitulates *Nine Days That Shook Britain: The 1926 General Strike* (Anchor, \$3.95). . . . From Avon, the last of Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent* series: *The Promise of Joy* (\$1.95). . . . Bantam has the last volume of *Khrushchev Remembers* for \$2.95. . . . *Who Killed Marilyn?* asks pseudonymous *New York Post* reporter "Tony Sciacca," taking a long look at Bobby (Manor, \$1.75). . . . Nancy Blue Wynne's *An Agatha Christie Chronology* is an elaborate critical bibliography (Ace, \$1.75).

of the pragmatic position for one to recognize the limitations of human thought and action, to recognize "how grave our problems are," that not all problems are soluble, not even with the best of intentions and the best scientific intelligence. While soliciting our support for the pragmatic program "of enlarging human freedom . . . by the arts of intelligent social control," Hook reminds us that this is "a precarious and tragic world," that there is no overall guarantee that we shall succeed in this program. It may turn out to be "a lost cause." Furthermore, even if we or our descendants do achieve what is success in the large view, there still remains the possibility, or even the necessity, that in the smaller view, in the small dimensions of our lives, there will be a large supply of inescapable tragedies. These spring from the human situation. The employment of intelligence in the exploration and choice of alternative courses of action carries, of course, no guarantee that all desirable or right courses may

be followed, all fundamental issues composed. On some occasions fundamental interests may have to be jettisoned, immensely valuable goods lost, in what cannot be other than tragic choices.

Well, as Hegel said, the history of



mal

the world is not the theater of happiness; one does not cure gangrenous limbs with lavender water. In politics as in medicine, vital choices may entail drastic, painful, unhappy courses of action. How does Hook's tempered, pragmatic view of life compare with the view held by that often celebrated (and anathematized) German philosopher? Some answers to this question are to be found in one of the most interesting essays in the book, "Hegel and the Perspective of Liberalism." Since pragmatism is a variation on the general critical philosophy of which Hegel was the most important progenitor, and since Hegel's social philosophy was in good part a reaction to and renunciation of some of the most characteristic doctrines of the liberalism of his time, it is valuable to have from Hook, a long-time staunch, active, and articulate supporter of liberalism in our day, a combined sympathetic appreciation and criticism of Hegel's political thought. The book makes this interesting essay, previously sequestered in an academic symposium, available to a wider audience.

WHILE appreciative of Hegel's emphasis upon the large extent to which individual and social action is conditioned by the historical situations in which individuals and societies are formed and exist—a respect in which Hook holds that various well-meaning but overeager and overconfident contemporary liberals may learn from Hegel—Hook urges that in Hegel himself the recognition of this was excessive. The result was a confining and numbing historicism, made palatable to some by an alleged cosmic guarantee that the complex and encompassing forces which shape our lives and history are really the hands of God, Who, in spite of what may seem to us to be defeats at the hands of either Lucifer or Chance, will triumph, indeed already has triumphed over these foes, and has in His divine indirection manipulated these for His own purposes.

Fanning aside the "metaphysical vapors" from which this cosmic optimism derived, we are left with a view of mankind in the grasp of some vast, all-powerful historical determinant against which it is foolish, indeed impossible, to strive even though we have no assurance that this determining agency acts with intentions toward us, or, if it does, that these intentions are good.

Whether the central principles of Hegel's philosophy—in contrast with some of his striking, extravagant comments—committed him to so extreme an emphasis upon the social and other determinants of thought and action that nothing of human behavior remained unconditioned, is a debatable question. Leaving that aside, Hook is on thoroughly sound ground in arguing that a recognition of the power and extent of these determinants of thought and action, of both the limitations and the resources represented by these determinants, does not commit us to the conclusion that the results of thought and action are foreordained, and that hence independent rational thought and action guided by such thought are illusions. If we were angels we could perhaps fly utterly independently of gravity; but such flight is not flight as we know it since we use, depend on, and react to and against gravitational attraction.

SIMILARLY, being not angels but men, we are reared as well as sometimes stunted, nourished as well as sometimes starved, supported as well as sometimes repressed, by aspects of the social milieu—the institutions, practices, culture, modes of thought—in which we live and move and have our being. It is in such a milieu, responding to its resources and its limitations, that the pragmatic program of enlarging freedom through intelligent social action must succeed, if it is to succeed at all. A political program whose predominant response to institutions in which life is actually lived is one of contempt or querulous complaint, and which aspires to promote the good life through alienated dissent rather than sympathetic understanding and responsible criticism of these institutions, is incapacitated by the political ignorance which Hook urges is characteristic of “ritualistic” liberalism. It is a program of men aspiring to fly like angels in another world, whereas, if they are to fly at all, it will only be as men in this one.

To the extent that the reigning popular liberalism continues to exemplify political ignorance of this sort on its present grand scale, and encourages commitment to correspondingly unrealistic ends, we may expect from it frequent and embittering reverses in a variety of well-meaning projects, and unhappy consequences for those who willy-nilly are affected by them. □

Bring On the Empty Horses

By David Niven

Putnam's, 370 pp., \$9.95

WHAT THE HAYS OFFICE NEVER KNEW

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

By the time of my sixth permanent wave, aged about 15, I had outgrown movie magazines, the only fare provided at Audrey's Beauty Shoppe. Well, to be honest, I would still flip through them hastily to check on Ronald Colman—having lost my heart at about that time, in rapid succession, to Robert Conway (*Lost Horizon*), François Villon (*If I Were King*), Sydney Carton (*A Tale of Two Cities*), and, irremediably and beyond recall, to Rudolf Rassendyll (*The Prisoner of Zenda*)—and then toss them aside. The breathless prose, the cloying sweetness, the press agent puffery, didn't ring true even to this Ronald Colman-smitten adolescent. If *Photoplay* and its likes were to be believed, life was *always* too-enchantingly - for - my - poor - words - to-describe glorious in Hollywood, which, you - can - take - it - from - me - dear - reader, is populated by *simple folk*, folk just like you and me. The film-town reporting of the day was mind-bogglingly dull.

Not so the same Hollywood story as it unfurls in *Bring On the Empty Horses*, which is glorious and enchanting and knocks the simple-folk thesis into a cocked hat. (Simple folk they weren't and some of their raunchier carryings-on are here recounted in lusty, raunchy fashion.) The thing is, David Niven wasn't looking in on the scene, he was a part of it, and brought to it a capacity for friendship, an unbridled delight in the idiotic, and the native and irrepressible irreverence readers of *The Moon Is a Balloon*, his insouciant best-selling autobiography of a season or so ago, will welcome. In addition, Niven is an inspired storyteller. The slightest incident—a run



down a simple ski slope—becomes Laurel and Hardy-esque in his retelling of it. Given the cast of thousands of eccentrics gathered around Hollywood and Vine in the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties, what he spins is pure delight. There are a lot of wicked people and wicked stories in *Empty Horses*, lots of dirty linen trotted out, but no more meanness in the book than there is in Niven himself. His final judgment, in almost every case, is compassionate. (In some cases one wonders how it could be.)

Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons, those Rona Barretts of a more talented era, were, one can conclude from Niven's account, not nice ladies, not at all. They used their power ruthlessly and, almost worse, whimsically, and put a quietus on a number of careers. Yet Niven is glad they—whose life had been Hollywood—“were both spared the spectacle of the once-mighty Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in its death throes auctioning off Fred Astaire's dancing shoes, Elizabeth Taylor's bra, and Judy Garland's rainbow.” A nice touch, that last.

NAMES big and small flash anecdotally across these pages. Errol Flynn was a great sailing and fishing pal of Niven's, and accepted for what he was, personality warts and all. “The great thing about Errol was you always knew exactly where you stood with him, because he *always* let you down.” When George Sanders prepares to entrap his current wife, who is having an affair with Rubirosa, in flagrante rather than pay an outrageous alimony, he explains: “This is no time to behave like a gentleman. I am a cad and shall react like one.” The great silent star John Gilbert is given one last chance in the movie *The Captain Hates the Sea*. A liner is chartered and Gilbert, along with a full film unit including a troupe of hard-drinking actors, takes off, and stays, and stays, and stays. Finally, “a desperate head of production cables the director far out in the Pacific: ‘RETURN IMMEDIATELY, THE COST IS STAGGERING.’ He receives a laconic reply, ‘SO IS THE CAST.’” Ludwig Bemelmans turns up hours late to an elaborate buffet dinner Lady Mendl is throwing in his honor, accompanied by an equally sloshed companion, Hank. Hank announces he has only one party trick and thereupon, having yanked the tablecloth from the table

and deposited Lobster Newburg and Co. on the floor in a pile of broken crockery, tips his hat to the assembled guests, puts his arm around Bemelmans, and remarks: "Come, Bennie, we must always away to pastures new."

It's a period of monumental and complicated practical jokes. In their cups one day, Bogart, Niven, Quentin Reynolds, and John McCain figure, after a session with the New York phone book, that by forging Con Ed's name on 438 telegrams to selected office tenants in Radio City, instructing them to leave their lights on overnight, they can emblazon a certain word (f---) in lights 16 floors high across the mid-Manhattan skies.

WHAT ASTONISHES is the quality of the writing, the powers of observation. The dining room chairs at San Simeon "were extremely uncomfortable, having been designed for knights who ate in their armor." "When it comes to the affairs of his daughters, [Louis B.] Mayer made Papa Barrett look like Winnie-the-Pooh." David Niven's own hair is "a rich mouse color," he thinks, and when he grows a beard for a part he looks like "a diseased yak." Samuel Goldwyn was to him "like crème brûlée—rock hard on the outside and surprisingly soft underneath."

Empty Horses—you'll just have to read the book to find out where the title comes from: the punch line of that one won't get by our Comstockian copy desk—is, let's face it, not a book for the ages, but for the next rainy afternoon, a dilly. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

REVOLUTION IN CUBA, by Herbert L. Matthews (*Scribner's*, 468 pp., illus., \$15). "A new look at Castro's Cuba by America's foremost authority," the dustjacket of Mr. Matthews' new book trumpets. Foremost authority on what? For those with sound memories, Mr. Matthews, a veteran correspondent for the *New York Times*, will be recalled as the man who has been wrongest longest about Cuba, Castro, and the criminal nature of his hero's Banana Marxism. That Communism is not the complete explanation for the motives of a rum lot of bright misfits like Castro and company is undoubtedly true. Squalid, corrupt old-line regimes and the personal inadequacies that drive rebels as a type to violent adven-

ture deserve considerable credit. When Matthews suggests, for example, that El Jefe survived a number of early scrapes through luck, one of Fidel's acolytes angrily retorted, "Not luck, balls!" Considering the morose, hypochondriacal Ché Guevara, the androgynous, shrill-voiced Raúl Castro and his posturing Latin Hemingway of an older brother, one wonders whether much of their fervor for guns, blood, and power was not based on a desire to reassure themselves of their own rather dubious manliness. But, whatever the cause, the result is an essentially Marxist totalitarian state with just enough colorful local garnish to throw off gullible enthusiasts. "In Cuba today all children are educated and all education is free. The government furnishes free clothes, lunches, and in many cases, board and lodging," we read in one gushing photo caption that neglects to mention the free censorship and free indoctrination that complete the package. Mr. Matthews, who delights in recoiling from the comparatively limited atrocities of the Batista regime against Castro's terrorists, seems to shrug off the extensive murders and imprisonments ordered by his hero. After all, he tells us, Fidel is "groping for a form of government and society that respects human dignity and self-development." Only, of course, for those it doesn't kill, jail, degrade, or drive into exile first. One can't help wishing that Mr. Matthews, who did so much to build Castro's popular Robin Hood image during his days in the Sierra Maestra, had been as frank then as he is now in labeling Castro's movement the "Marxist-Leninist Cuban Revolution," and in openly admitting that he finds "more than enough" in it to "consider it praiseworthy."

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

AMORAL AMERICA, by George C. S. Benson and Thomas S. Engeman (*Hoover Institution Press*, 294 pp., \$8.95). Plato was probably right. A quality society is best achieved by a deliberate program of isolated indoctrination. Otherwise you are likely to wind up with the logical extension of egalitarianism wherein ethics, values, and morality are subject to constant referendum. Professors Benson and Engeman suggest this and more. With scholarly precision these political scientists impale the "imperative" of social ethics that denies individual responsibility in favor of corporate guilt. Moreover, they score the intellectuals who, by leading us toward national masochism, have produced a moral vacuum. The authors assert that the cure for this dry rot is a concentrated program of individual ethical instruction from kindergarten onward. They reason that with reinforcement from church and family it may yet be possible to wrest the initiative from the "if it feels good, do it" school of

situation ethics. The linchpin of their argument is the assumption that the schools are equal to this ambitious undertaking. There is considerable room for doubt. Yet one is reminded of the admonition that civilization is a race between education and disaster. Benson and Engeman offer a convincing case that if we continue to lurch toward moral ambivalence, the race is over.

ALAN L. MILLER

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG, by Charles Rosen (*Viking*, 113 pp., \$7.50). Arnold Schoenberg's music, which was starting riots in the capitals of Europe around World War I, has since made it through controversy to the safe haven of acceptance as both seminal and great. It can best be understood by placing it in context with the other arts of its time, all of which were marked by the kind of upheaval and change Schoenberg represented in music. The first part of the twentieth century was the time when painters were taking apart the old ideas of visual truth and putting them back together in the disturbing forms of cubism and the various abstract modes. It was the time when poets and novelists were dismantling language and even the traditional sequences of logical thought to arrive at fresh literary validities. Vorticists, Imagists, Surrealists . . . for Schoenberg, the regrouping meant the revolutionary serialism of the "Second Viennese School." Charles Rosen, pianist and National Book Award winner for *The Classical Style: Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven*, is perfectly equipped to discuss the strictly musical intricacies of Schoenberg's creativity. His sophistication as a generalist in cultural history enables him to make them meaningful to non-musicians. What's more, he has the gift of brevity. This is an admirable addition to Viking's excellent Modern Masters studies on twentieth century greats.

ANNE CRUTCHER

LAURENCE OLIVIER, by John Cottrell (*Prentice-Hall*, 433 pp., \$10.95). Despite the author's protestations, this is really a show-biz bio, though not a bad one. Mr. Cottrell has done what he could: he must quote nearly every notice Olivier has ever received, and no English actor, not Kean, not Garrick, has inspired more eloquence. It is good to have it in a compendium. But the actor himself has apparently withheld his cooperation, and Cottrell lacks the critical imagination to say anything worthwhile about Olivier's art. (Here is a fair sample of his own prose: "His acting range is extraordinary partly through exhaustive training and development but also because the range of the man's own nature is extraordinary, a kaleidoscope of moods and colors.") There are 56 good pictures. Now let's hope Kenneth Tynan will have a go at it.

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

COXE

(Continued from page 32)

tlements in the government sector were, predictably, reaching Latin American proportions. The postal workers staged a long strike in the late fall, asking for a 71 per cent increase in a one-year contract, plus control over automation and over any attempts to make the service minimally efficient. (The strikers settled six weeks later, taking the government's initial offer of a 38 per cent increase, sweetened by a handful of other minor concessions.)

Toronto has been hit by its first-ever teachers' strike, with the board offering an increase of more than 40 per cent in a two-year contract and the teachers demanding more than 50 per cent. Projected costs for next summer's Olympic Games have risen from \$300 million to more than \$1 billion, largely because of an increase of over 50 per cent in the wages of construction unions. The av-

erage rate of all settlements, public and private, in the most recent quarter is more than 18 per cent a year, compared with 8 per cent in the U.S.—the country that buys 85 per cent of all Canada's exports of finished goods. Trudeau was not overstating the case when he said that Canada is pricing itself out of world markets at a time when unemployment is already high.

Frankenstein Government

Since controls have failed in all other democracies that have tried them, why did Trudeau think they would work here? No one I know in government circles believes in controls, but no other response seemed possible. Government spending has grown so rapidly at all levels in Canada that politicians have lost the ability to restrain their own creations. In a background paper on the proposed controls the new Finance Minister, Donald Macdonald, discusses at length the impossibility of spending cutbacks. The only self-restraint the government has shown is ordering senior civil servants to fly economy class and making orders for new desks subject to Treasury Board approval.

The controls are supposed to last three years, but the government hopes that diminished inflation abroad will somehow reduce inflationary pressures here before the three years are up. With Canadian inflation now running at nearly twice the American rate, it will be some time before a decisive turnaround occurs, which means growing unemployment and growing unrest.

Opposition to the program has come from nearly every sector. Labor has denounced wage controls and is mobilizing to fight the program, but the Canadian Labor Congress has stopped short of calling for a general strike.

The stock market plunged after Trudeau's speech, dropping 6 per cent in seven trading days. Most of the selling came from foreign investors familiar with the failure of controls in their own countries. Part of the panic arose from the government's initial statement that dividends would be rolled back, but the Minister of Finance later explained that dividends will simply be frozen for one year and subject to review thereafter.

Business leaders point to the vagueness of the controls on profit margins as a reason for concern. They fear too that the Anti-Inflation Board will tie up thousands of complex pricing decisions in bureaucratic confusion. Kendall Cork, a senior officer of the giant

Noranda Mines, spoke for many businessmen when he told a Toronto conference recently: "The only justification for investing in a Canadian resource project now is that we hope the government won't be as stupid as the guidelines say."

The man picked to head the Anti-Inflation Board, Jean-Luc Pepin, is one of the wisest and most competent men ever to have served in a Canadian cabinet, so there are grounds for hoping that the federal control program will be administered in good faith and with a healthy sprinkling of common sense. But the business community has little confidence in Finance Minister Macdonald, who compiled a poor record in his former post as Energy Minister. Macdonald's advocacy of wage-price controls both inside and outside the House of Commons has been marked by enthusiastic ineptitude. The only cabinet minister of sufficient intellectual and moral stature to manage such a monstrosity, Health Minister Marc Lalonde, is putting the finishing touches on his restructuring of the social security system and will not be ready for Finance for some time.

The federal program may have a beneficial short-term impact if it can control the frightening escalation in government employees' wages and pension benefits.

The government is, however, morally hampered in exercising leadership even here because it recently boosted salaries of members of parliament by one-third. The civil service unions have been quick to point to this pay raise in justifying their demands, and more crippling strikes in key sectors seem inevitable. If the Anti-Inflation Board is forced to make humiliating exceptions because of disastrous work stoppages, the whole program may collapse.

But the most ominous aspect of the federal program is the burgeoning of new controls and anti-business legislation at the provincial level, as politicians ride off in all directions under the banner of local support for the program's overall principles. As the business community finds itself trammled by regulations emanating from the federal, provincial, and even municipal levels, the danger exists that controls will stifle everything but the growth of more controls.

In that event, it will not be just Pierre Trudeau's luck that has run out: Canada, which ceased to be a British colony a century ago, will then have rejoined the Motherland. □

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OLIVER

(Continued from page 33)

vantine Jews, that a Bayh Administration would not undertake.

Such was the quality of leadership offered by the Democrats at the Lexington Democratic Club. On the same day, the governor of the nation's second largest body of people described the comments of the President of all the people as a kick "in the groin," and recommended taking to the streets to send the President the message the governor had apparently been incapable of delivering himself.

Michael Oakeshott observed that some people see "government as an instrument of passion; the art of politics is to inflame and direct desire." Others, he says—conservatives—understand "it to be the business of government not to inflame passion" but "to restrain, to deflate, to pacify, and to reconcile; not to stoke the fires of desire, but to damp them down [because] the conjunction of dreaming and ruling generates tyranny." One man's demagoguery may be another's traditional, robust political debate. But when that robust politics-as-usual stokes the fires of desire that lead to the kind of troubles New York City is now experiencing—and also New York State, and always, though less visibly, the Federal Government—then it would seem to be time to change the tradition. ☐

LETTERS

(Continued from page 14)

arms, hug it, and close your eyes when it treats you harshly. Don't expect it to owe you anything, for it doesn't. True democracies are getting rare in this world, and when you have landed in one you owe it much, much more than it could ever owe you.

Berkeley, Calif.

BARBRO GALEWSKI

The Army v. Homosexuals

Your call for governmental enforcement of absolute conformity ["Fly Me, I'm Leonard," Oct. 24] ill bespeaks a proper conservative advocacy of individual rights and freedoms in this totalitarian age.

It is not Matlovich who is dishonored, but the Air Force. Matlovich has merely called attention to the absurdity and injustice of the military's present policy regarding gay soldiers. Homosexuals have fought and died for this country in all its wars, and military service has traditionally attracted a large number of homosexuals. Common sense would indicate that if Matlovich can serve his country ably for 12 years, and if his co-workers find no diffi-

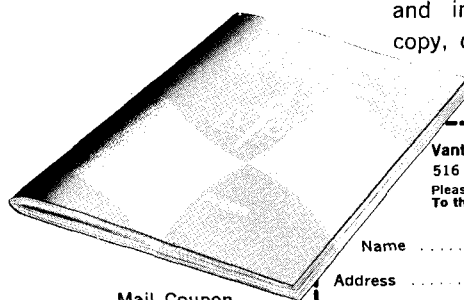
(Continues on page 51)

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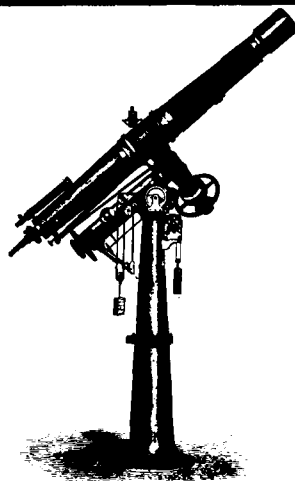
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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Worship, the Heart of the Holiday.

[From *The Life Book of Christians*.]

In its basic character Christmas remains deeply religious in spite of the secular festivities that have grown up around it. Christians never forget that the day commemorates the miraculous birth of a baby in whom God was incarnate.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 49)

culty in working with him after his announcement, then the military erred in discharging him.

Millions of homosexual men and women work daily with heterosexuals of the same sex, without incident, in every type of occupation and at every level in this society. Do you seriously believe that between 5 and 10 per cent of the population supports itself as hairdressers and florists? Or that the homosexual armies of Sparta dominated ancient Greece with limp wrists? We are all around you, every day, and always have been. We are part of Western civilization, and have done more than most to make it civilized. You cannot keep and admire our contributions to that civilization and continue to deny the aspects of our nature that have enabled our great men and women to enrich your culture.

Raleigh, N.C.

NAME WITHHELD

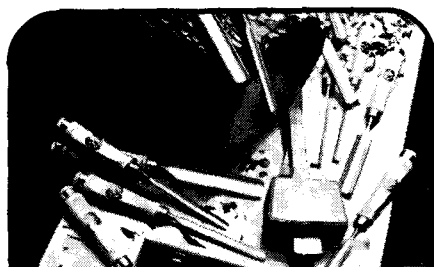
Pornographers Unite

As a libertarian-conservative pornographer, I say D. Keith Mano is right ["The Pornographer," Dec. 19].

Prudery is not for serious people. It's a self-indulgence that conservatives can't afford any more.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

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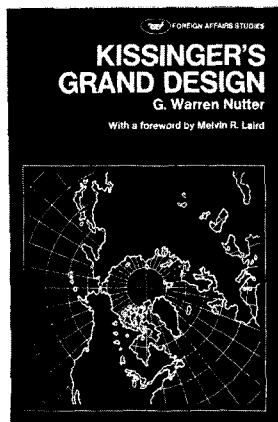
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Bribery International

New York, Dec. 16—It was 1959, and Khrushchev was in town for the first visit of a Soviet leader to America. In those days that sort of thing struck some of us as profanation, so a rally was organized at Carnegie Hall, all the payments made in advance, according to schedule. Then, on the eve of the affair, a representative of a labor union called on the organizer and said he would require \$500. "What for?" "To make sure the lights don't go out in the middle of the rally—it all goes to the union." I wrote about it at the time, but indignation, if anyone experienced it, was exercised in great stoical silence by many of the same voices that all of a sudden have rallied to despise American Business Corruption Abroad.

Only a week or so back, a broadcaster in Chicago brought up the subject of Lockheed's paying bribes to foreign officials. "We are on NBC, aren't we?" I asked, which fact he confirmed. I pointed out to him the recent disclosure that the networks routinely pay off foreign officials to facilitate the delivery of their precious cargo. Under a strict interpretation of the law in many countries, you are required to take the cans of video tape into a dark room to probe the contents and establish that there is no dope hidden in the interstices. A couple of weeks of that kind of thing and NBC would be out of the news business—so everybody does it.

IN Mexico City in the early Fifties you were required to check in your car at customs if leaving the country by plane. The customs clerk—I came to know him well after a dozen visits—received a salary of ten dollars per week. He expected—and, I have personal reason to believe, got—five to ten dollars per car handled by him. I suppose I was breaking the law. I do not doubt I was helping the Mexican economy.

In the *Wall Street Journal* the lead story is of further disclosures by disaffected Lockheed officials of "payoffs abroad" to sell F104s. Moving left two columns, we read about the new enterprise of Miss Marjorie Katz of Chicago, whose firm, Famous Stores International Inc., will help you to buy gifts

for business associates, provided you are prepared to spend at least \$500.

Who are her clients? They include Chicago lawyers who want to bring holiday cheer to various judges and city hall officials. "It's a payoff," Miss Katz reports, cheerily. "I mean, it's no secret that people do pay people off in Chicago, is it?" Well, no, it isn't. But if Chicago were a business trading on the New York Stock Exchange, congressional committees would be worried about it.

Many years ago, some people will recall, Harry Truman, bugged by all the talk of corruption, called down the incorruptible Newbold Morris to Washington. Mr. Morris was the closest thing to Snow White ever to have come out of New York City politics. He had a bright idea, and ordered a couple of million forms to be sent out to all civil servants: "Please list gross earnings since entering government. Please list net worth on entering government. Please list net worth at this time." The silence in Washington could not have been greater, the day the forms arrived in the mail, if a hydrogen bomb had exploded. Morris was fired.

We have a lot of trouble getting people to obey our own laws, and manifestly we aren't very good at it. No foreign country is asking us to make bribery an extraditable offense. Let the French and the Germans and the Filipinos and the Japs enforce their laws against obnoxious commercial behavior by American companies abroad—if indeed they find it thus obnoxious. But the derivative indignation over here, based on the offensive tax deductibility of a bribe, is naive.

The government is quite prepared to tax the profits that result from such bribes: even the whores are having to pay taxes nowadays. The only country in the world in which people don't take bribes is China. The trick is firing squads and concentration camps. The congressional committees would ease the general pain by letting up on their indignation and acknowledging one easy rule: the more regulations you have, the greater the role of the government; the higher the taxation, the greater the corruption. □

On The Right

DEATH OF A COMMITTEE

New York, Dec. 18
—They used to tell us that one of the reasons to do away

with the House Committee on Internal Security (earlier HUAC) was that the Senate had a perfectly good Committee on Internal Security of its own, so why the duplication? After a good many years, the critics won that battle. And now, without anybody really noticing, they may be about to win the battle to eliminate the last significant legislative watchdog over internal security, unless the full Senate wakes up. At this writing, the budget of the Senate subcommittee has been halved, from \$33,000 a month to less than \$20,000, which is barely enough to pay the overhead, and *not* enough to permit it to hold its vital hearings. This economy was effected at a desultory meeting of the Senate on a sleepy Saturday in late July, with only a dozen members on the floor. They cut here and there, a little from this committee, a little from that committee, pruning the budget of a total of 17 committees. Most of them got away with a little pickpocketing—the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization had asked for \$225,000, and was cut by \$6,000. But the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, which had asked for \$400,000, woke up to find itself amputated—cut back to the equivalent of 200,000 dollars.

There are, here and there in America, citizens who are upset by the creeping indifference to the continuing and awesomely complex question of internal security. One of them wrote to one of the senators who had participated in the budget-slashing.

Now Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon is among the most conscientious men in the Senate. His instincts are adamantly civilized, whatever one feels about the nostrums that attract him. Out of his office went a letter to one correspondent disparaging the work of the subcommittee in language utterly unrelated to reality. The Senator's letter said that the Senate subcommittee's work had reduced to the staff's "drawing [its] own salary." The Senator, sug-

gesting the Stakhanovite schedules of other Senate committees between 1970 and 1975, drew an invidious comparison. "During this same period of time, which covers six years, this subcommittee held a total of only eight days of hearings." A little while later, another correspondent received from Senator Hatfield what had clearly now become a form letter (that is necessary in the transaction of congressional correspondence)—with, however, a shrewd alteration. The clause had now become: "this subcommittee held a total of only eight public hearings on legislative matters . . ."

Now the fact of the matter is that Senator Hatfield is dreadfully misinformed. Since, in his case, one can simply eliminate the possibility that he is intentionally distorting the record, it must follow that he has received gross misinformation. During the last six fiscal years, the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security has held over ninety hearings, which would dispose of Version I letter. As to Version II, we need to deal with the insinuated qualifier, "on legislative matters." That is best answered by looking at the mandate of the Internal Security Subcommittee; indeed, by merely inspecting its full title. It is called "Subcommittee to Investigate the Administration of the Internal Security Act and Other Internal Security Laws of the Committee on the Judiciary."

DURING THE period in question, the Senate subcommittee conducted extensive investigations into—for example—the human cost of Communism in the Soviet Union, China, and Vietnam: an investigation of vital interest to everyone who wasted his heart and mind wrestling with the moral and geopolitical questions that tormented the nation. The subcommittee examined rules of procedure and information for witnesses in respect of internal security; revealed the legacy of the experiences of Aleksandr Orlov; examined Soviet disarmament propaganda; reported on the Weather Underground; investigated exhaustively marijuana and hashish traffic; examined Soviet intelligence and security practices; reported on the long list of Fidel Castro's subversions and broken pledges; and issued six studies and hearings records on the awful problems of terrorism and counterterrorism.

The United States today is crushed by the dilemma brought to light by recent revelations involving the conduct of the FBI and CIA. Both these agencies were set up by statute essentially for the purpose of guarding our internal security. "We are friends of lib-

erty everywhere in the world," John Quincy Adams wrote, "but custodians only of our own." It is hard to imagine a moment when we have needed more than we do today hard facts on the basis of which to adjust the scale. Friends of Senator Hatfield, from all sides of the political spectrum, would hope that he will reconsider, and are confident that he will reinform himself. □

SOLZHENITSYN V. KISSINGER

New York, Dec. 24—I confess to being gravely disappointed by the recent article by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, whom I consider the outstanding human figure of the century.

What possessed him?

He begins by casually tossing to the enemy the verdict in the matter of the Warren Commission's investigation of the assassination of President Kennedy. That tragedy, Solzhenitsyn writes in the *New York Times*, "was all the worse because of the inability or the lack of desire by the American judicial authorities to uncover the assassins and to clear up the crime." That statement is quite simply untrue. The effort to identify the assassin was as complete as it could be, and there is no reason to suppose that it was less than successful. Solzhenitsyn went on to say that the failure to investigate had a devastating effect on the world. "Something more than respect was shaken—it was our faith." That faith was perhaps shaken, but it was the doing of the muckrakers and profiteers, who are not to be entirely distinguished from the revisionists who have been busy for a decade now trying to prove that the United States, not the Soviet Union, was responsible for the cold war. It is not only strange but catastrophic that Solzhenitsyn should find himself, however unwittingly, aiding them in their efforts.

What does this have to do with Kissinger? Solzhenitsyn suddenly links that episode, in which Kissinger had no part, to the firing of James Schlesinger, which Solzhenitsyn—and his friends—regret. But he arrives, without logical transition, to Henry Kissinger, and in his comments about Kissinger reveals himself to be deeply uninformed. He bases his arguments against detente on the totally fictitious allegation that Henry Kissinger is of the breed of Americans—Linus Pauling being the archetype—who wake up every morning with the taste of an atomic cinder in their mouths. "Defending his policy of unending concessions, Mr. Kis-

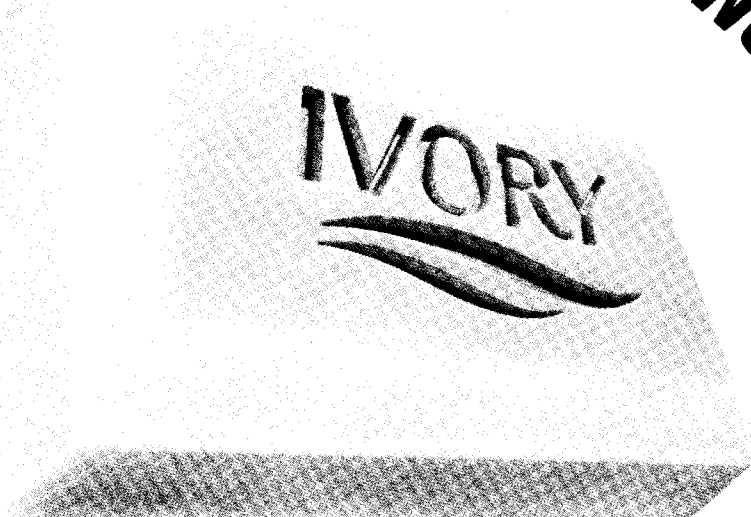
singer repeats the one and same argument almost like an incantation: 'Let our critics point out the alternative to nuclear war!' . . . indeed, [the] nuclear age is an obsession for Mr. Kissinger."

But that simply is not true. The book that first brought Mr. Kissinger to public attention was called *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, and it is an entirely non-hysterical book about the nuclear age. Mr. Kissinger has never had anything but contempt for those who believe that the choice is between nuclear war and disarmament. He was a stalwart defender of the doctrine of graduated response and risked his academic reputation—and lost a great many friends—by backing tough military action in Indochina, including the incursion into Cambodia, the bombing of Hanoi, and the blockade of Haiphong. The Paris Accords were always chancy, but when Solzhenitsyn asks, "Is it possible that the prominent diplomat could not see what a house of cards he was building?", the answer is: That is exactly correct; Kissinger did *not* anticipate the emasculation of Nixon by the Watergate developments of the ensuing summer. Nor did Solzhenitsyn's hero, James Schlesinger, foresee the debacle when he took office in June of 1973. I am not, in fact, aware that Solzhenitsyn anticipated it.

WHAT Solzhenitsyn seems not to have paid any notice to is his own enduring critique of the spiritual corruption of the Western world. Who has said it more plainly than he—with perhaps the exception of Whittaker Chambers, who in any case said it earlier, and James Burnham—that there are deeply suicidal compulsions working in the West? What Kissinger says isn't: "We must have detente because the alternative is a nuclear war." What he says is: "The American people [by which he means the American Establishment] will not stand up and resist. Under the circumstances, the only alternative is to maneuver." I agree with Solzhenitsyn, not Kissinger, that the American people, if aroused, will do better than they have done. And perhaps Mr. Kissinger's problem is that he is not himself born to rouse people, disposing of different skills from Solzhenitsyn's, and never having worked for an American President whose skills were those of Cato. To believe Kissinger is wrong about detente (as I believe he is) cannot justify depicting him as Solzhenitsyn does—as a superficial, cowardly demagogue, who feasts on the kindergarten dichotomy of: detente or nuclear war. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

- A. Good for General Motors, but not good for the country
155 203 221 8 23 108
- B. What the three R's would be a farm of for some school's today
61 223 5 9 90 115 122 132 167 207
- C. Modern school needs are supplied by this metropolis (where there is opposition to their use!)
- D. What an Arkansas gubernatorial candidate said should be taught in every school
81 185 2 151 37 190 109 187 200
- E. Who would uphold this in a debate between Kodak and Agfa?
162 39 131 76 154 119 110 140
- F. Think!
166 21 111 117 152 134
- G. What education can be a matter of
173 121 138 40 145 147
- H. Doctor Watson's school
180 28 36 38 50 175 189 11 57 102
- I. What kissing cousins would provide
10 22 45 53 60 87 95 4 42 68
- J. Agamemnon's daughter
198 179 170 153 168 193 220 205 43
- K. Sounding as if from a distance
217 113 55 72 49 141 214
- L. The condition of being economically unprosperous or miserable
73 83 104 30 123
- M. A short-lived fashion
184 70 116 197 84 158 125
- N. A small percoid food fish
195 159 212 77 177 35 209 126 171

- O. The horsy set's standard
15 20 47 82 186 13 41 88 31 34
- P. To carry away
222 148 51 191 114 169
- Q. A word that a clean-cut athlete would never use
85 56 136 62 64 29 99 143 150 194
- R. What a deadlock between Harvard and Yale would be
92 25 211 224 74 100 129 135 213 12
89 163
- S. This New York city might use a different weight than one on the opposite side of the state
107 201 97 144 54 3 196 160 118
- T. LOVE EPOCH CUTER
120 16 91 133 137 161 192 225 79 18
52 93 48 63
- U. Trouble
124 71 105 174 139 58
- V. A bashful nymph
142 32 149 59 44 98
- W. Would a women's liberationist accept this degree?
1 24 66 80 17 103 219 94 112 128
183 26 33 199
- X. "No woman is—"
(Arthur Conan Doyle)
27 6 127 146
- Y. Tone to use when speaking of hush money
204 210 176 202 216 7 106 181 46
- Z. Scratching where it doesn't wastes energy
96 182 215 165
- a. A connected group or series
188 65 178 156 14
- b. Cartoonist Tom's brother
208 172 218 206 19 78 67

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 50 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

						1 W	2 D	3 S	4 I	5 B	6 X			7 Y	8 A	9 B	10 I	11 H	12 R	13 O	14 a
	15 O	16 T	17 W			18 T	19 b	20 O	21 F	22 I	23 A	24 W	25 R			26 W	27 X	28 H	29 Q		30 L
31 O	32 V	33 W			34 O	35 N	36 H		37 D	38 H	39 E	40 G	41 O	42 I	43 J	44 Y		45 I	46 Y	47	
48 T	49 K	50 H			51 P	52 T	53 I	54 S		55 K	56 Q	57 H			58 U	59 V	60 I	61 B	62 Q		63 T
64 Q	65 a	66 W	67 b	68 I	69 C			70 M	71 U	72 K	73 L	74 R	75 C	76 E	77 N	78 b		79 T	80 W	81 D	
82 O	83 L	84 M			85 Q	86 C	87 I	88 O	89 R	90 B	91 T		92 R	93 T	94 W		95 I	96 Z	97 S	98 V	
	99 Q	100R	101C	102H	103W	104L			105U	106Y	107S	108A	109D	110E	111F		112W	113K	114P		
115B	116M	117F	118S	119E	120T	121G			122B	123L	124U	125M	126N	127X		128W	129R	130C	131E	132B	
133T	134F			135R	136Q	137T			138G	139U	140E	141K	142V		143Q	144S	145G	146X		147G	148P
149V	150Q	151D	152F			153J	154E		155A	156a	157C		158M	159W	160S		161T	162E	163R		
164C	165Z	166F	167B	168J			169P	170J	171N	172b		173G	174U	175H	176Y		177N	178a	179J	180H	
181Y	182Z			183W	184M	185D		186O	187D	188a	189H		190D	191P	192T	193J	194Q	195W	196S	197M	
	198J	199W			200D	201S	202Y		203A	204Y	205J	206b	207B		208b	209N	210Y	211R		212N	
213R	214K			215Z	216Y	217K	218b	219W	220J		221A	222P	223B	224R	225T						

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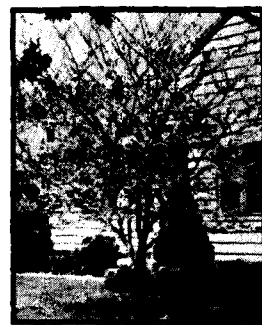
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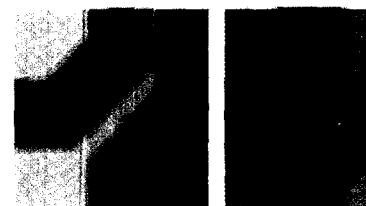
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Cited by the IBD for their design achievement were Daniel C. Stark, Milliken's Director of Styling and Design, and David Oakey, Designer. The award-winning design is one of a number of remarkable new patterns made possible by the revolutionary Millitron™ Computer Injection Dyeing development from Milliken Research, America's largest textile research and development organization.



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